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on the marquee

"SUDDENLY it all began to come true."

A GENERATION HENCE, venturesome commuters to the moon will still be talking about how twentieth-century man probed space. The dreams of yesterday and the realities of today, will be the legends of tomorrow. And in those legends, disbelief will give place to belief. They will speak of the astronauts who coasted round the moon, of the space-ship that had blasted its way through gravity, conquered the insurmountable, and proved that conquest of the planets is no longer an idle dream.

WE PUBLISH THIS MONTH the finest articles and features on man's most magnificent accomplishments and hopes in space exploration in a Special Report called **Adventures in Space.** "Suddenly it all began to come true," that's how Bryan Silcock's exciting account, **AND NOW FOR THE MOON** begins to evaluate the spectacular success of the Apollo 8 and the fascinating possibilities it immediately opens. This piece is supplemented by **THE JOURNEY OF APOLLO 8**, a blow by blow account of the flight from blastoff to splashdown; . . . **AND THE PLANETS**, a realistic forecast of what lies ahead; **FROM SPUTNIK TO APOLLO**, a sweeping resume of American and Russian achievements todate; and, **FICTION VS FACT**, an incredible comparison between Jules Verne's fictional space-ship of a hundred years ago and Apollo 8.

THE SKY IS INDEED THE LIMIT to man's ingenuity and ambition; and as the saying goes, a place in the sun is now very much within the realm of possibility — firing man's imagination to greater triumphs in space and on earth. Not all men upon this earth are, unfortunately, ignited by such imagination. Right here in Bombay, we have amidst us people who spent their fury and passion on where a humdrum town or two should belong. The ironic madness of it all last month killed 52 people, injured hundreds, rendered thousands homeless, paralysed a city, and brought nothing but shame to our land, for a cause that has no significance whatsoever. Who gains from the kind of violence that destroyed homes and lives last month? Of what avail is the destruction and killing? ... the holocause may as well pause to think whom ... elves, their kith and kin, their property, their good ... will must have no place in India.

R. V. Pandit

inside

A Special Report on Adventures in Space:

AND NOW FOR THE MOON

Apollo 8's success has given substance to the most fanciful speculation and credibility to the inconceivable . . .

By Bryan Silcock

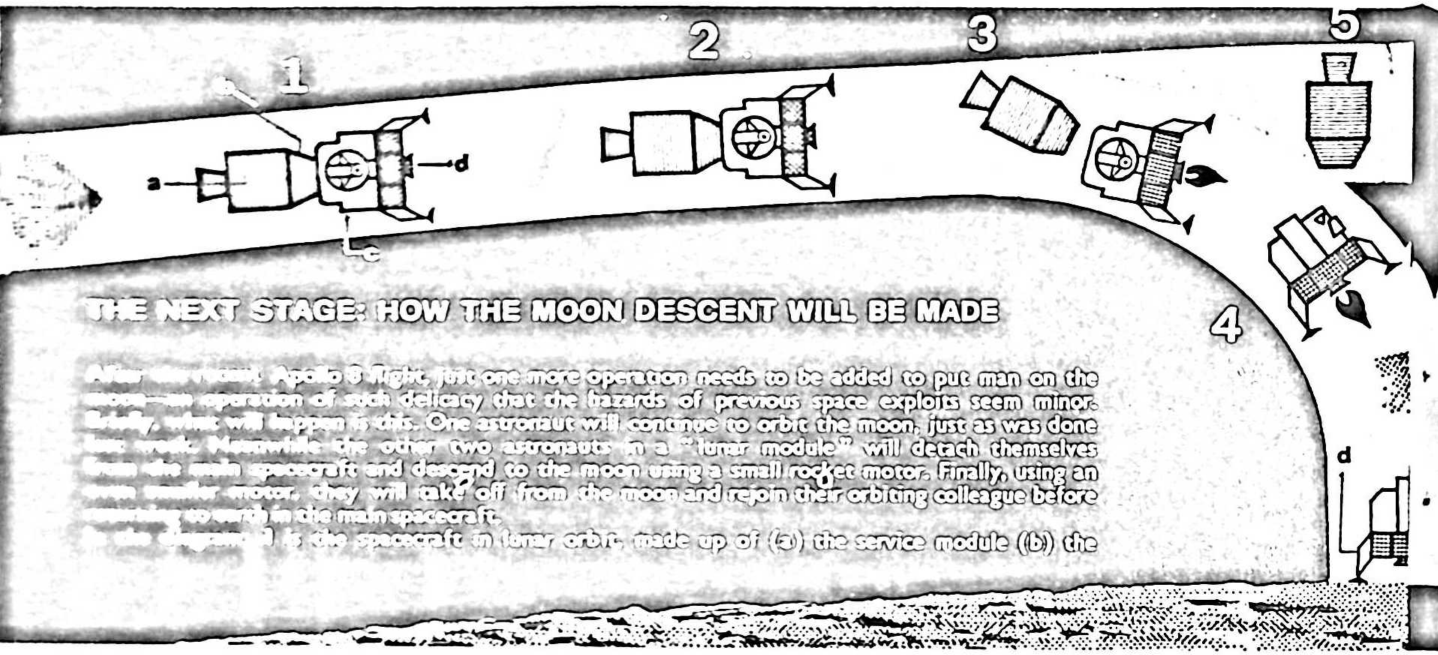
SUDDENLY it all began to come true. In spite of the national goal of a manned landing on the Moon within the decade set by President Kennedy, in spite of the increasingly ambitious and successful flights of the Mercury, Gemini and Apollo programmes, in spite of rendezvous a hundred miles above the Earth, rockets capable of putting more than 100 tons into orbit, landing sites selected from photographs taken by unmanned spacecraft skimming only twenty miles above the Moon's surface, the world's imagination had somehow got stuck in Earth orbit. Plans for actually sending men to the Moon still seemed like something described in a glossy brochure put out by a rather dubious company anxious to reassure its shareholders.

Then Frank Borman, Jim Lovell and Bill Anders lifted off from Cape Kennedy on board Apollo 8. Millions of people saw them en route for the Moon, saw the Moon's surface as they saw it from only sixty miles away, shared the tension of the mission controllers at Houston waiting for the spacecraft to emerge from behind the Moon after its final orbit, on course for Earth again. The idea of a man stepping out on the Moon's surface in a few months' time has become real. Even rocket king Werner von Braun's talk of men on Mars in twenty years begins to sound like a sober realistic forecast instead of a space enthusiast's fantasy.

IN FACT if NASA manages to maintain the standards it set itself when it launched Apollo 8 at the time to the second laid down months before, August 1969 will see the first men ever to land on another world opening the hatch of their spacecraft, climbing down the fragile ladder capable of bearing only thirty pounds on Earth, and stepping off on to the surface of the Moon.

What will they find? Unmanned spacecraft standing on the surface have already made us familiar with the utterly barren, rock-strewn, pock-marked, cindery landscape that will surround them. The same unmanned spacecraft have dug trenches in the lunar soil, stuck things into it, picked up lumps of it and dropped them, and from watching what happens scientists have come to the conclusion that it has the texture of wet sand. It has even been analysed and pronounced to be similar in composition to basalt – the rock that on Earth is associated with volcanic activity.

This autumn we should know for certain. During their day and a half on the Moon the two explorers will collect some 100 pounds of samples of rocks and soil from the surface, choosing them in the light of geological knowledge they acquired as part of their training. Back on Earth the samples will be distributed to a pre-selected team of scientists in countries all over the world, for an analysis more thorough



THE NEXT STAGE: HOW THE MOON DESCENT WILL BE MADE

[illegible] Apollo 8 flight, just one more operation needs to be added to put man on the [illegible] operation of such delicacy that the hazards of previous space exploits seem minor. Briefly, what will happen is this. One astronaut will continue to orbit the moon, just as was done [illegible]. Meanwhile the other two astronauts in a "lunar module" will detach themselves from the main spacecraft and descend to the moon using a small rocket motor. Finally, using an [illegible] motor, they will take off from the moon and rejoin their orbiting colleague before [illegible] to earth in the main spacecraft.

[illegible] 1 is the spacecraft in lunar orbit, made up of (a) the service module (b) the

than any samples of rock or soil ever received before.

But there are crucial tests that must be completed before the August flight can be undertaken. Above all, the insect-like lunar module has not yet been tested with men on board. With its two main engines, small thruster rockets for fine control, life support system, communications equipment and radars for rendezvous and landing it is an extremely sophisticated space-craft in its own right. Its job is to carry two of the three astronauts down to the Moon's surface, while the third remains in the parent spacecraft, in lonely orbit round the Moon.

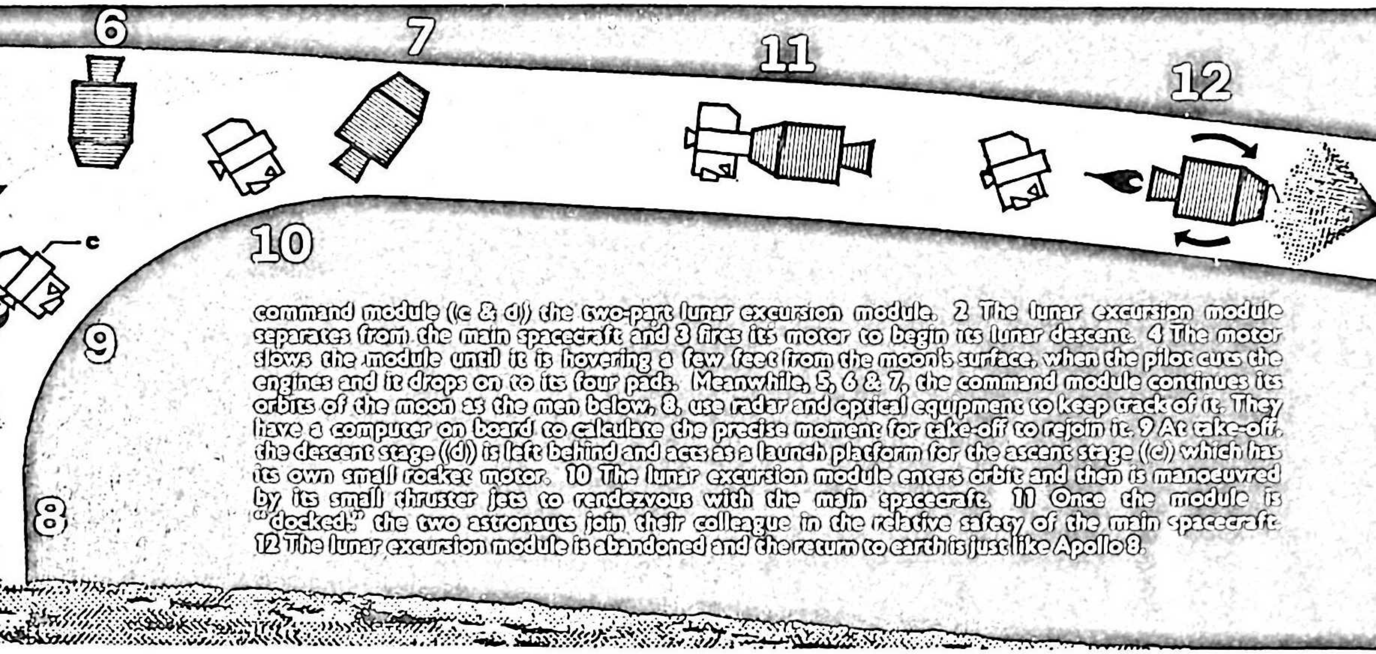
AT FIRST SIGHT the use of an entirely separate spacecraft to ferry two of the astronauts down to the Moon's surface and back again to the parent spacecraft – a technique known as lunar orbital rendezvous – seems an absurdly elaborate way of doing the job. In fact it is far and away the most economical of the three possible approaches to a lunar landing, requiring only a single Saturn 5 launcher. A direct flight there and back, with no rendezvous at all, would require a launcher almost twice as powerful, while Earth orbital rendezvous, using one launcher to put the spacecraft into Earth orbit and another to fuel it, would need two Saturn Fives.

SO THE NEXT flight in the programme, Apollo 9, will be to test the lunar module with men on board, and to simulate as far as possible in earth orbit the manoeuvres it will have to make during an actual lunar landing.

In the gigantic assembly building at Cape Kennedy the vehicle is already complete on its mobile launching platform, the umbilical tower beside it. One of the huge crawlers will pick up all three, a total load of getting on for 5,000 tons, and carry them at a steady ¾ m p h the 3½ miles to the pad recently vacated by Apollo 8. Pre-launch checks should take a couple of months. Then Apollo 9 should be ready to go.

Although the flight will be in earth orbit the crew – James McDivitt, Russel Schweickart and David Scott – will be able to test some of the lunar module's system as fully as on a flight to the Moon. As far as things like communications, power supplies, computers and life support are concerned what matters is a test *in* space; *where* in space is of little importance. The astronauts will also be able to carry out, exactly as though they were really going to the Moon, the oddly inelegant manoeuvre early in the flight where the command and service modules of the Apollo spacecraft (the capsule in which they travel and the engine section respectively) separate from the final stage of the launching rocket and the lunar module, turn through 180°, dock with the

5577



command module (c & d) the two-part lunar excursion module. 2 The lunar excursion module separates from the main spacecraft and 3 fires its motor to begin its lunar descent. 4 The motor slows the module until it is hovering a few feet from the moon's surface, when the pilot cuts the engines and it drops on to its four pads. Meanwhile, 5, 6 & 7, the command module continues its orbits of the moon as the men below, 8, use radar and optical equipment to keep track of it. They have a computer on board to calculate the precise moment for take-off to rejoin it. 9 At take-off, the descent stage (d) is left behind and acts as a launch platform for the ascent stage (c) which has its own small rocket motor. 10 The lunar excursion module enters orbit and then is manoeuvred by its small thruster jets to rendezvous with the main spacecraft. 11 Once the module is "docked," the two astronauts join their colleague in the relative safety of the main spacecraft. 12 The lunar excursion module is abandoned and the return to earth is just like Apollo 8.

lunar module and draw it out of its housing.

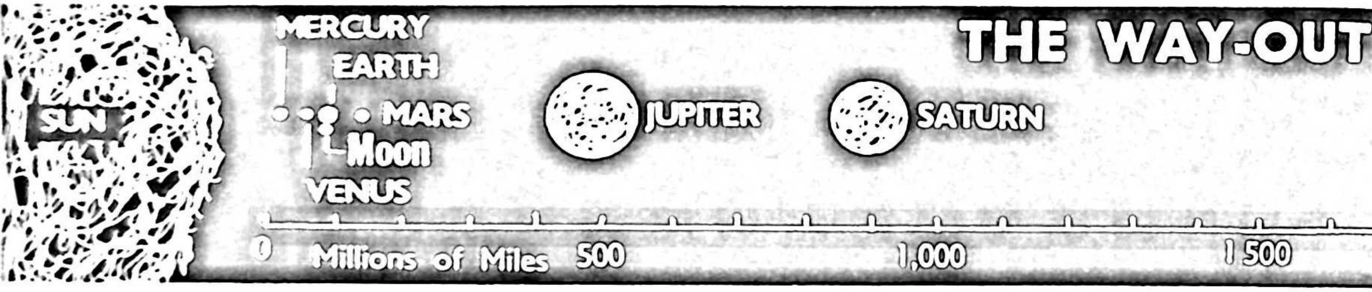
They will also be able to practise the rendezvous between the lunar module and the parent spacecraft, which will virtually be the same in earth as in lunar orbit. After separating from the command and service modules McDivitt and Scott in the lunar module will use the engine to carry them 100 miles away. Then they will work their way back and dock using the same motors, radars, lights and other aids as if they had just come up from the surface of the Moon. It will even be possible to practise a rendezvous the other way round, with the parent spacecraft chasing the module, which might be necessary in the event of certain kinds of failure in the lunar module.

THE TENSEST MOMENTS of the Apollo 8 flight came when the engine in the service module of the spacecraft was fired: first, to put the spacecraft into orbit round the Moon; later, to bring Apollo 8 out of lunar orbit and put it on course for Earth. During these two manoeuvres the crew were completely and utterly dependent on the engine working correctly. If it had failed, disaster would have been inevitable.

During an actual landing these dangers will be multiplied many times. All three astronauts will be completely dependent on the service module engine just as they were on Apollo 8; on top of this the two moon explorers will face the danger of a failure of either of the two engines in the lunar module too.

If the engine in the descent stage of the lunar module cuts out, the spacecraft will fall, faster and faster, towards the Moon's surface, the speed unchecked by air resistance as it would be on Earth. If the descent stage engine fails to start at all the two astronauts will not be in serious danger, for they will still be in orbit close to the command module. But if the *ascent* engine does not start they will be stranded on the Moon, with only a few hours supply of oxygen left. If the ascent stage cuts out prematurely, before they are in orbit, they will crash back to the surface. There can be no escape towers and return to safety by parachute as there is during a launch from Earth.

Of course, N A S A has realised from the start that these are engines that *must* work. Like the service module engine they have been designed from the start for reliability. The propellants are "hypergolic" (the fuel and the oxidiser ignite on contact) which eliminates starting problems, many vital components are duplicated so that there is a standby in case of failure, the testing programme on the ground has been fanatically thorough. During the Apollo 9 flight the lunar module engine will be put through the same



sequences as in a lunar landing; in conditions where an engine failure will probably not be fatal, for the command and service modules will be able to rendezvous with even a defective lunar module and take off the two astronauts on board.

THEN SOME TIME in May, about two and a half months after Apollo 9, Apollo 10 will set off on a mission that will send any member of the crew with the ambition to be the first man on the Moon half-crazy with frustration.

Astronauts Tom Stafford, John Young and Eugene Cernan, just like the crew of Apollo 8, will lift off from Cape Kennedy on top of a Saturn 5, but this time there will be an operational lunar module in the compartment below them. Like Borman, Lovell and Anders they will go into orbit round the Earth and then fire the final stage of the launcher a second time to put themselves on course for the Moon. As their moonship coasts through space they will carry out the manoeuvre to be rehearsed during the Apollo 9 flight: detaching the command and service modules, turning them round, docking with the lunar module and pulling it clear.

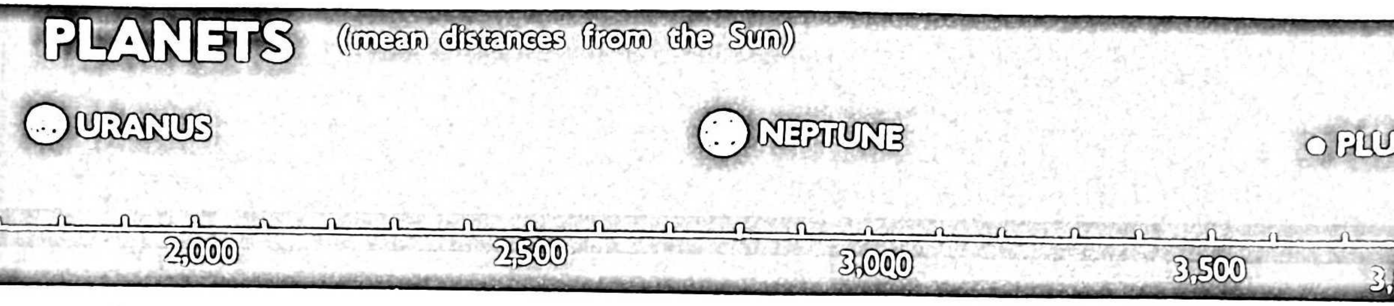
Like Apollo 8 they will fire the service module engine behind the Moon to put themselves in orbit round it, but this time there will be a lunar module too. Stafford and Cernan will climb through into it, separate from the parent spacecraft and descend to within 50,000 feet of the Moon's surface. But they will not land. From less than ten miles above the Moon they will return to lunar orbit, rendezvous with the command and service modules, rejoin their lonely companion and blast off for Earth.

APOLLO 10 WILL COME so near to an actual landing: is there any chance that with a successful Apollo 8 and 9 in the bag NASA will raise the ante and go for a landing in May? After all, Apollo 8 was not originally intended to go anywhere near the Moon. It was only the success of the earlier Saturn 5 flights and of Apollo 7, plus the threat of the Russians doing it first, that led NASA to substitute Apollo 8's highly ambitious mission for the original one.

At a press conference held at Cape Kennedy, as soon as Borman, Lovell and Anders were safely on their way to the Moon, Lt.-General Samuel C. Phillips, the Apollo Programme Director admitted that it was a possibility, if a remote one. "We would like to have two flights of the lunar module behind us before making a landing," he said, and he mentioned another difficulty: the lunar module being prepared for the flight is too heavy.

WHEN GRUMMAN WON the lunar module contract the specification called for a total weight of 22,000 pounds. This turned out to be impossible and the limit was raised to 32,000 pounds, but as Grumman proceeded with development they still found the weight remorselessly creeping up towards 35,000 pounds. To bring it down again they introduced what they call the Super Weight Improvement Programme, examining literally every nut and bolt and transistor, looking for ways of saving not pounds or ounces but fractions of an ounce. They even went to the lengths of removing here and there a layer or two of aluminised plastic film out of the thirty or forty in the thermal blanket insulating the spacecraft, though each layer is thinner and lighter than tissue paper.

"Swipping", as Grumman call it, got the weight of the lunar module back to 32,000 pounds, but by the time the programme came to an end several spacecraft were already complete. The structure of the lunar module for Apollo 10 has been swipped, but not the electronics, and it is still too heavy for a Moon landing. If there is to be a landing with Apollo 10 a later lunar module will have to be substituted in a hurry.



SO TWO MEN from the still unselected crew of Apollo 11 will almost certainly be the ones to drop the last piece into the Apollo jigsaw. On their third orbit round the Moon they will gently ease the lunar module away from the parent spacecraft, and fire its engine to brake it, throwing it into an orbit that will send it skimming low over the landing site of the far side of the Moon.

For nearly an hour they will coast round the Moon, gradually getting closer to the surface until they can see their landing site, made familiar by countless sessions in a simulator which creates an almost perfect illusion of their approach, far below and ahead of them. They will fire their engine again and start the longest ten minutes of their lives. Supported by the flaring of its exhaust engine the spacecraft will descend at a steadily steepening angle towards the landing site, while the height registered by the radar altimeter flickers downwards. Now an engine failure will send them crashing into the Moon. Peering down through the spacecraft's triangular windows at the craters and rocks below they will open the engine throttle to slow their descent as they get lower and lower.

CLOSE ABOVE the surface the pilot will choose the smoothest patch of ground he can find, cancel any sideways motion and let the spacecraft down still further until a red light in the cabin shows that one of the mechanical sensors attached to the spacecraft's feet has made contact with the ground. Then he will cut the engine and as it subsides they will drop the last few feet down to the Moon.

They will have nearly 36 hours on the surface and they will spend it collecting samples, laying out the scientific experiments that they will leave behind them, practising walking in the clumsy spacesuits on the rough surface, with gravity only a sixth that on Earth to hold them down, and in tracking the command module as it passes overhead with radar and a telescope to provide their computer with the information it needs to work out the exact moment for lift off.

THEN WILL COME the tensest moment of the whole mission, when they press the button to start the ascent engine. It will take them about two hours to get into the same orbit as the command and service modules, and another three quarters of an hour to manoeuvre themselves gradually closer until they can dock, climb back into the service module and jettison the lunar module.

Back on Earth the whole crew will be the first to experience yet another ordeal, though of a very different kind. Because of the remote risk of infection with some lunar organism they will have to be kept in complete isolation for two or three weeks, first on board the recovery aircraft carrier, then at the specially built Lunar Receiving Laboratory in Houston.

Formidable as the dangers of Apollo 8's flight were, they are minor compared with those of Apollo 11. Normally in space there is virtually unlimited room giving ample time to correct, for example, a fluctuation in the thrust of a rocket engine. But as the lunar module gets closer and closer to the Moon's surface the margins for errors will get smaller and smaller. Everything will depend on the pilots' skill. A sudden slight fall in the engine's thrust close to the surface for example could make the spacecraft drop so that one of the four legs splayed for stability touched the ground. If the spacecraft was travelling sideways, this would send it tumbling over.

THEN THERE ARE the hazards connected with our ignorance of the Moon's surface. In spite of tens of thousands of photographs taken from unmanned spacecraft on the Moon and in orbit round it, our knowledge is still very sketchy.

After so many landings by unmanned spacecraft the theory that the Moon is covered with seas of soft dust into which a spacecraft could disappear is no longer tenable, but there still may be soft patches. If one of the lunar modules feet struck one it could topple over, or tilt to an angle where the ascent stage would not be able to take off again. The lunar module is designed to function normally on a slope of 14 degrees and could probably manage on one a little steeper. But beyond that . . . .

Another possibility is dust thrown up by the engine obscuring the pilot's view, so that he could not find a level landing site. The engine of one of the unmanned Surveyors was started up again on the surface of the Moon to check on this very danger, and the experts concluded that it was not serious. But will it be the same on every part of the Moon's surface?

Above all there is the danger that nobody thought of. It might be something apparently trivial, like the icing up of the windows of Apollo 8 which caused a certain amount of trouble last year. At the wrong time and place something equally minor could lead to tragedy.

BUT THE RISKS must be accepted some day, and there is nothing that can be done to eliminate them. Barring accidents the National Goal set by President Kennedy eight years and some 25,000 million dollars ago will be achieved in August. It is a feat of organisation, management and engineering unparalleled in human history, not even approached by the wartime Manhatten Project for the manufacture of the atomic bomb. What will follow it? Certainly there will be another landing or two to conclude the Apollo programme. Then the American space programme which has kept hundreds of thousands of scientists and engineers employed for most of the decade, provided many aerospace firms with the bulk of their business, and cost the government thousands of millions of dollars a year, will start to run down. NASA is running out of programmes.

It is not for lack of ideas; the difficulty is a Congress that is becoming increasingly critical of space expenditure. It has voted the funds to keep the Apollo programme going, but NASA's requests for funds for new programmes to keep space activity going at a high level in the 'seventies have been axed again and again.

OF COURSE, with Apollo 8's successful flight and a moon landing in August the mood could change, and even if it does not NASA will be able to live for a few years on capital. When the Apollo programme is completed there will be many spacecraft, launchers and lunar modules left over. Even an anti-space President and Congress could hardly consign billions of dollars worth of hardware to the scrap heap.

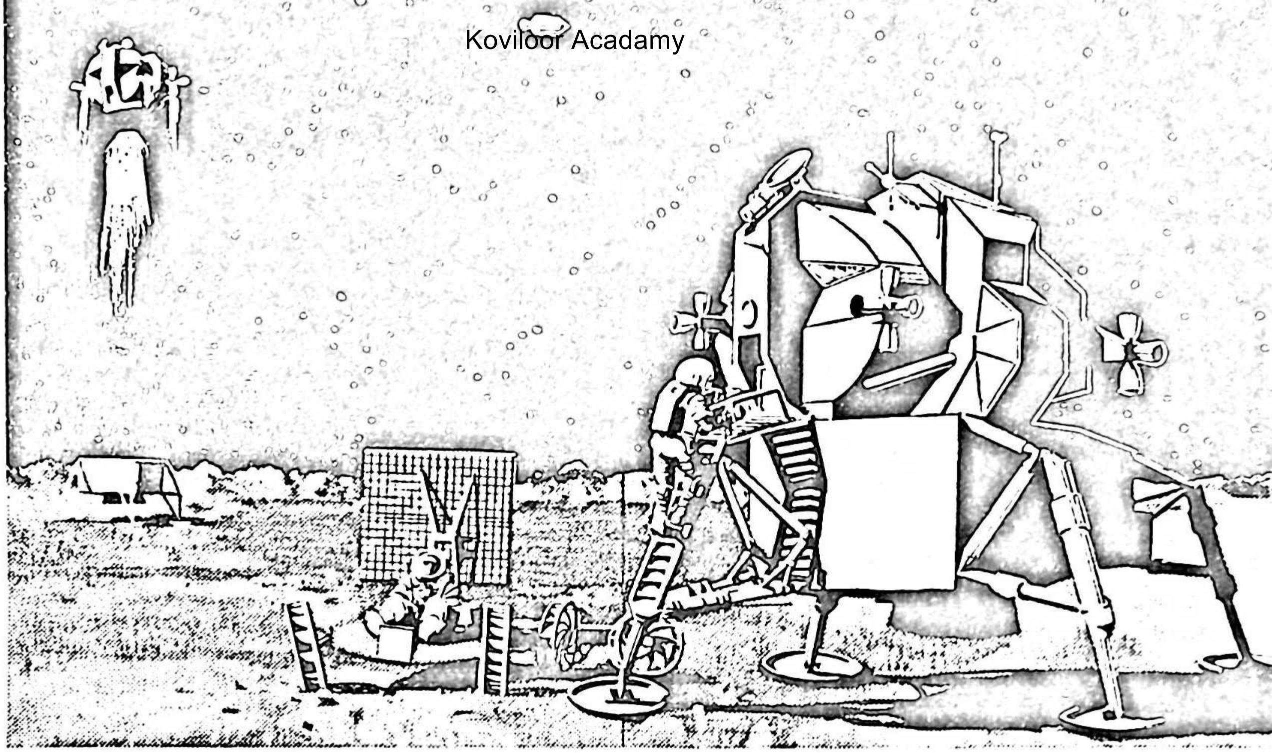
NASA at any rate has plans for using it, on the one hand to start an ambitious programme of lunar exploration, on the other to establish permanently orbiting space stations which can be visited repeatedly from Earth and occupied for as long as eight weeks.

The lunar exploration programme will begin in a modest way with landings at three or four different sites where the astronauts will leave instruments able to radio scientific information about things like moonquakes, radiation and meteorites back to Earth for a year or more. Having instruments spread widely over the Moon's surface will make it possible, for example, to fix the precise location of a moonquake.

THE SECOND STAGE of the programme is altogether more ambitious. By modifying the lunar module so that it can be used as a shelter, a laboratory, or an unmanned space truck and by providing vehicles for the astronauts on the Moon, a whole new range of possible missions will be opened up. Stays on the Moon will be for weeks rather than hours, the astronauts will be able to travel for miles instead of yards. They will have tons rather than pounds of equipment at their disposal.

Already many aerospace firms are working on designs for vehicles in which the astronauts will move about on the Moon. Some fly, others are wheeled. One designed by Grumman has three sections which can be joined together like the trucks of a train. While they are on the Moon the astronauts would use two of the trucks, giving them a speed of 10 mph and a radius of operation of seven miles.

WHEN THEY ARE ready to return to Earth they will add the third truck to the train, making it remotely controllable from Earth and providing it with solar cells for extra power. Under control from Earth it will then be capable of travelling, getting on for a thousand miles across the surface of the Moon,



On the surface of the moon. On the right is how the lunar expedition module will look after landing. On the left is how it will take off – leaving its unwanted descent stage behind – to rendezvous with the parent spacecraft orbiting overhead. The vehicle for lunar exploration, powered by a panel of solar cells, will not be used on the first moon descent, but is a possible later development.

perhaps to a site where scientists wish to have a package of instruments deposited, perhaps to a place where another manned landing is due so that the astronauts will touch down and find their surface transport waiting for them. A version of this vehicle is already operating on Grumman's four-acre moonscape on Long Island, controlled from fifty miles away.

The vehicle might be landed in the first place by a space truck, a lunar module with its ascent charge removed and replaced with cargo. A single truck landed automatically on the Moon before the explorers arrived could carry a vehicle for travel on the surface, more than a ton and a half of scientific instruments, and food and oxygen which when moved over to the astronauts' lunar module taxi would keep them supplied for two weeks.

ALL THIS IS PROBABLY only a few years away. Most of the hardware is available already.

Congress has already authorised a start to the Apollo Applications Programme which will be getting under way much closer to the Earth in the early seventies. Again it relies on equipment which is already available in the pipe-line.

The Programme will take the Americans far along the road towards what has always been one of the main goals of manned spaceflight: a permanently orbiting space station, supplied and manned by a shuttle service from Earth. Such a space station could act as a staging point on long journeys in space, as a laboratory for studying the long-term effects of spaceflight, as an astronomical observatory, or for surveying earth resources, forecasting floods, hurricanes and even crop diseases.

The orbital workshop which is the basis of the Apollo Applications Programme is nothing more nor less than the empty second stage of the Saturn 1B rocket, slightly modified and fitted with an airlock and an adaptor that will enable up to five Apollo-type spacecraft to dock with it at once. The huge empty liquid hydrogen tank of the rocket, fitted before launch with an aluminium grid floor, will provide a two-storey living and working space with two sleep areas as big as small bedrooms in an ordinary house, cubicles for food and waste management and a work compartment with a floor area equivalent to a large room.

THIS IS THE PLAN: a two-stage Saturn 1B, the upper stage with the necessary modifications and complete with airlock and

adaptor, will put the workshop into orbit. A day later an Apollo spacecraft with three men on board will follow. The crew will dock with the workshop and pressurise it from the oxygen and nitrogen tanks in their service module. An astronaut, space suited as a precaution, will climb through into the empty tank and start preparing it for occupation, installing extra pressure seals, fans and so on. As soon as it is suitable for "shirt sleeve" occupation, the other two will join him, bringing through equipment for food preparation, waste management and sleeping, and apparatus for scientific experiments. They will remain in the workshop for four weeks before sealing it up, re-entering their Apollo spacecraft and returning to Earth.

About four months later a second crew will return to the workshop, this time for an eight-week stay. Yet another flight will follow five or six months after that when the ascent stage of a lunar module fitted out as a complete observatory for observing the sun and other Apollo spacecraft are launched almost simultaneously. The two will dock in orbit and then carry out a further docking with the workshop. Again the astronauts will remain in orbit for eight weeks before returning to Earth.

HOW ABOUT the planets? Although some suspicious Congressmen are convinced that somewhere deep within the organisation NASA is plotting a manned mission to Mars, even enthusiasts do not see it happening for another 20 years at least. After all the Moon is a mere quarter of a million miles away, Mars at its closest 35 million.

Unmanned probes are of course another matter, and early in the 'seventies NASA plans to launch several spacecraft that will go into orbit round Mars and send instrument packages down to the surface. And scientists are getting interested in a once-in-a-century opportunity that will occur in 1977/78, when the great outer planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune will be aligned in such a way that a spacecraft could exploit their gravitational fields to make a planetary grand tour of all four without needing extraordinary powerful boosters.

But perhaps the most significant development in the US space programme in the next decade will be a change of emphasis from programmes like Apollo motivated mainly by a desire for prestige, to programmes that will draw some practical benefit from the enormous investment in space research over the last ten years. We already have satellites for communications, navigation and meteorology, satellites for surveying earth resources are on the way. Now there is talk of putting manned space flight to practical use too.

There are already ideas about which could reduce the cost of putting a pound-weight into orbit by a factor of ten or more, which would open up all kinds of possibilities. NASA's Marshall Spaceflight Center, for example, is looking into the possibility of orbital factories that would exploit weightlessness and the total vacuum of space. Perfectly spherical ball-bearings which would command a high price are one possible product. They could be made in orbit simply by allowing a drop of liquid metal to solidify.

If the cost of getting into orbit could be brought down further still the scope would be even wider. Apparently wild ideas like orbital hospitals where patients could rest rheumatic limbs or weak hearts (in a state of weightlessness the heart has far less work to do) would begin to seem not quite so wild after all. And if there was an orbital hospital why not an orbital hotel? There would not be much to do there of course, but a week-end in space might impress earthling friends. It is bizarre and absurd, of course, but Apollo 8's success has given substance to the most fanciful speculation and credibility to the inconceivable.

Preconceived ideas are like searchlights which illumine the path of the experimenter and serve him as a guide to interrogate nature. They become a danger only if he transforms them into fixed ideas — this is why I should like to see these profound words inscribed on the threshold of all the temples of science: "The greatest derangement of the mind is to believe in something because one wishes it to be so."

Louis Pasteur

For my way of discovering sciences goes far to level men's wits, and leaves but little to individual excellence, because it performs everything by the surest rules and demonstrations.

– Sir Francis Bacon

Continuing the Special Report on Adventures in Space:

...AND THE PLANETS

Emboldened by recent triumphs, flights to planets are no more idle dreams.

WITH THE LANDING on the moon a matter of months away, the question of what lies beyond Apollo has been given extensive analysis by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Scientists at NASA see several long flights around the sun, and to Mars and Venus as the next big challenge.

But first there are the samples of lunar rock and soil to be gathered and brought back to earth. Before this can be achieved, the Lunar Excursion Module has to be tested.

Once on the moon, the astronauts will scoop up about 100 lb. of soil and rocks. There are on earth more than 100 scientists waiting to give this material the most detailed analysis. The examination of the mineral specimens from the moon will give the space agency an opportunity of extending its work to further international collaboration. Fostering cooperation between the world's scientists is one of the declared aims of NASA's charter.

APART FROM BRINGING its precious cargo back to earth, the craft that lands men on the moon will take equipment to be left behind as a robot laboratory. A seismic station will continuously monitor for moon quakes, a reflector will allow scientists on earth to bounce laser beams to the moon and back, and a barrier of aluminium foil will be erected to interrupt the solar wind – the stream of gases that come from the sun.

The success of Apollo makes it no longer an idle dream that man might aim for the planets, first with unmanned craft to pave the way for more ambitious flights. Relatively modest vehicles, in terms of the scientific equipment on board, have already begun to provide tentative reconnaissance data from Mars and Venus.

But apart from finding out the physical details of the planets, in the same way as landing sites have been explored on the moon by robot laboratories, ways have to be found to sustain interplanetary travellers with power and food.

Journeys to the planets will take months and even years if the dream of a round trip to take in, say, Jupiter and Saturn is realised. At great distances from the sun the solar energy available to recharge photoelectric cells diminishes. Radio communication also becomes difficult over such vast tracts of space.

THE COST OF SENDING a vehicle carrying scientific instruments to make a soft landing on a distant planet is similar to that already borne for many projects. Sending a man on such an exploration could involve expenditure that would make the cost of the Apollo venture shrink by comparison.

Against this background, it is reasonable to expect a change in NASA's approach to space research over the next few years. It seems certain to start moving on ventures that have been kept on the shelf and which together will cost less than Apollo.

An analysis of NASA's budget request for 1970 reveals an interest in developing earth applications. These will be in fields such as weather forecasting, communications, and exploring the earth for mineral resources. Development of an orbiting space station from which up to 12 scientists may work in space is another change in emphasis.

PHYSICISTS AND ASTRONOMERS who have been more than dubious about the scientific value of landing a man on the moon can see the value of making repeated experiments in laboratories free from interference of the earth's atmosphere.

The attitude of the new Administration to NASA's proposals is still unknown. The recently appointed science adviser to Mr. Nixon, Dr. Lee DuBridge, retiring president of the California Institute of Technology, has not been an overwhelming supporter of the effort to put a man on the moon. And he comes from a centre that has an unparalleled reputation in high quality research embracing all the natural sciences.

One important aspect of the recommendations for future work is an extension of the Nerva programme – the project for perfecting a nuclear engine to drive large spaceships. Nuclear power may be the answer to difficulties of designing motors that can last for a journey of years.

The biggest slice of the budget requested for advanced research has been allocated to aeronautics.

This is a return to the space agency's original charter which stated that the first A in the aerospace organisation stood for aeronautics.

SUBSTANTIAL RESEARCH in the aeronautics field has already been funded through NASA. Such work ranges from research into quieter jet engines and automatic all-weather landing equipment, to looking for ways of dispersing fog.

What happens next depends largely on the ability of the scientists to convince the administrators of the worthiness of certain ideas.

One of the key sources of scientific inspiration is NASA's special group in the Office of Advanced Research and Technology. Their slogan is that man should be given the freedom of choice to go wherever he wishes in space or in the atmosphere.

Before an astronaut is finally asked to step out on to the lunar surface, scientists need to be satisfied about the reliability of the Lunar Excursion Module, the craft that will ferry two men down to the moon's surface from a capsule parked above them.

Though this spider-like contraption remains untested so far, some information has been gained about its likely behaviour 250,000 miles away from earth. Worried about the possibility of the motors of the L.E.M. throwing up dust and obscuring the astronauts' windows, scientists made tests with a Surveyor spacecraft. Ground control started the engines of the unmanned vehicle after it had landed to see if a dust shower obscured the television equipment: it did not.

OF COURSE, there is still a chance that the Russians may try for a consolation prize. There are still six months or so to go before the Americans attempt a moon landing. A Soviet astronaut could be the first man to step on to the barren lunar soil.

Hints have been dropped by the reticent Russians that the Zond craft that circled the moon three months ago could have carried a man. On present evidence it seems unlikely that these craft are big enough to carry the same number of men and equipment as the Apollo.

The biggest known Soviet rocket, Proton, is considerably smaller than Dr. von Braun's mighty Saturn, which has been through months of tests. Nevertheless, the Russians have in the past shown a facility for making a series of launches close to one another. So it would be foolish to rule out an intensive campaign in the coming months.

When every fact, every present or past phenomenon of (the whole physical) universe, every phase of present or past life therein, has been examined, classified, and co-ordinated with the rest, then the mission of science will be completed. What is this but saying that the task of science can never end till man ceases to be, till history is no longer made, and development itself ceases?

– Karl Pearson

Continuing the Special Report on Adventures in Space:

THE JOURNEY OF APOLLO 8

A blow by blow account of the great flight.

THEY CAME BACK. The men who went on history's most hazardous journey, some half a million miles through space to look at the far side of the moon, dropped safely back into the Pacific on December 27.

They had seen what man had never seen before. They left the pull of the earth and soared out into the universe in their tiny, cramped craft. They circled the moon 10 times and turned for home.

Roaring down through the atmosphere at nearly 25,000 m.p.h., their capsule streaming a fiery white tail 100 miles long, they returned from man's first great journey into space to their "good earth". They smiled, posed for photographs, and thanked the "thousands of people who made this possible".

They knew the risks; there was a one-in-four chance of failure, and a one-in-10 chance of death, according to some experts before the flight of Apollo 8. But, on November 12, Dr. Thomas Paine, acting director of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), announced the "Christmas round-the-moon" trip.

The astronauts, Colonel Frank Borman, Captain James Lovell, and Major William Anders, were "eager to proceed", NASA said. "Our engineers unanimously recommend the mission, and, without being over confident, we believe that we understand the hazards involved and are now ready to take this next step forward in the nation's space programme."

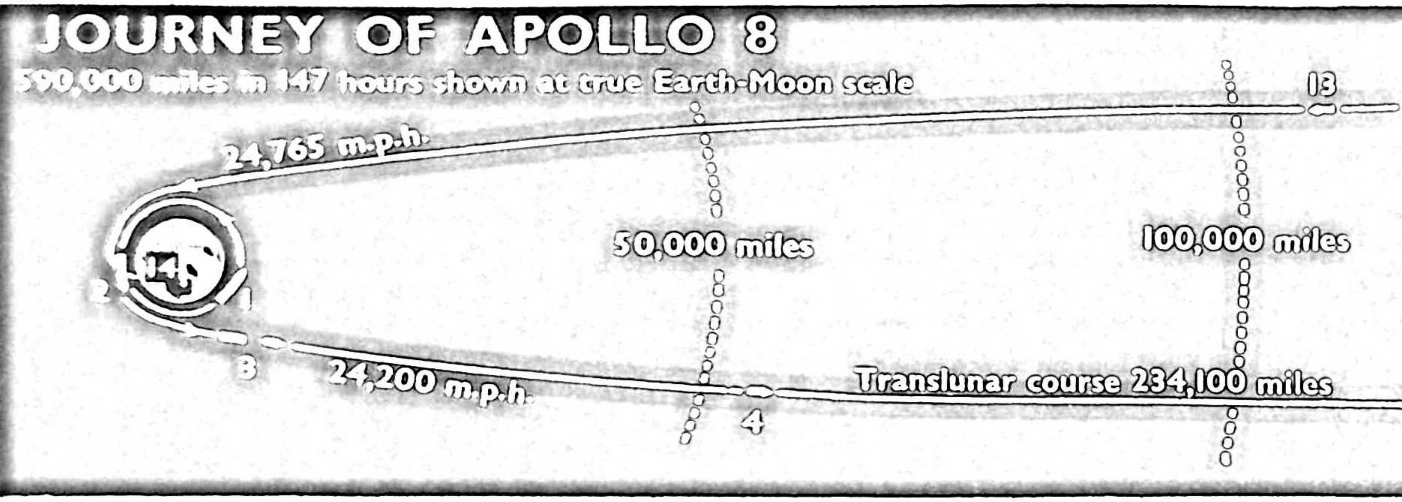
THE HAZARDS WERE GREAT. No man had ever left the earth's gravitational field before. A rocket failure as the craft entered lunar orbit could cause a crash on the moon's surface. A failure coming out of orbit could mean perpetual circling of the moon. On reaching the earth's atmosphere, Apollo 8 had to come in through a seven-mile-wide "window". Otherwise it would overshoot the earth.

All the hazards were overcome, and the flight was as copybook as any previous American effort. It was, Dr. Paine said afterwards, "something for all mankind. Man has started his drive out into the universe."

The drive had started 147 hours before the splashdown on Pad 39 at Cape Kennedy. At 7.51 a.m. Eastern Standard Time — 6.21 p.m. in India — the 363 ft. high Saturn 5 rocket belched vivid flame on the launching pad as the five engines produced a combined thrust of 7,500,000 lb. Six-tenths of a second behind schedule, the 2,750-ton vehicle began lifting off smoothly to push Apollo 8 on its way.

THE THREE MEN, strapped in the 12 ft. command module on top of the rocket, reported a smooth lift off. Picking up speed as it turned slightly to the south-east the rocket soared out over the Atlantic.

Ground control told the crew: "You're looking good." At an altitude of 100 miles, having dropped the first and second stages, the rocket turned into its temporary 113 to 118-



mile orbit round the earth.

Two hours and 39 minutes into the launch, Houston gave the order: "You are to go for T.L.I." – Translunar Injection. Over the Pacific the third stage burned for five-and-a-half minutes to raise the speed from 17,500 m.p.h. to 24,200 m.p.h. and swing the spaceship out towards the moon. The third stage was jettisoned, and the Apollo mission was heading "right down the centre-line" on its Christmas journey.

Looking through Apollo's window, Colonel Borman reported: "I can see at the same time Florida, Africa, Gibraltar, Cuba, Central America all the way down to Argentina and Chile." From farther out than man had ever gone, he said the earth looked simply like a disc – "the round window I'm looking through seems bigger than the earth."

Five hours and 19 minutes out, and 19,000 miles from home, Apollo began to slow down as the earth's gradually weakening pull held the spaceship back. Twenty-eight hours out, Colonel Borman told mission control that he had been suffering from diarrhoea, vomiting chills and a fever, and Major Anders was "not at his best."

THERE WERE FEARS that the astronauts might have Asian 'flu, then sweeping America. But they took Lomotil to cure diarrhoea, and Marezine an anti-seasickness pill, and recovered quickly from what doctors decided had been "24-hour 'flu, or gastroenteritis."

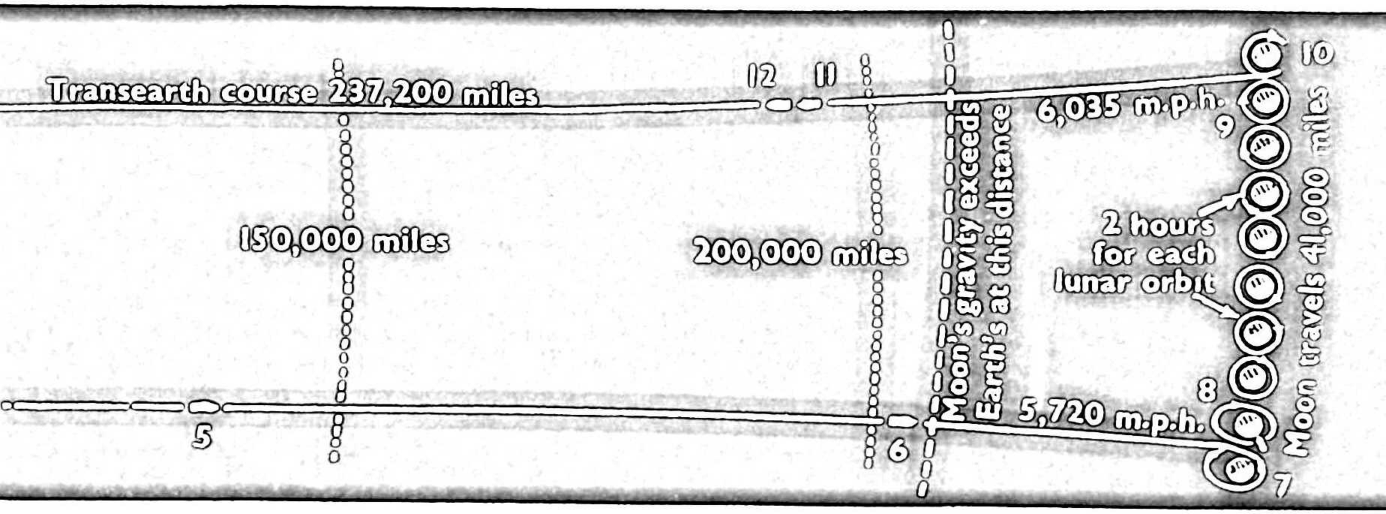
When they made the first of six television broadcasts, from 138,000 miles out, Colonel Borman said they all felt fine. Television viewers watched as he described the bright blob of the earth as "beautiful, beautiful," with a predominantly blue background and a cover of white clouds. Difficulties with the telephoto lens meant that they were unable to show the best pictures.

Instead they turned the cameras inside. Captain Lovell grinned towards the camera and wished his mother a happy birthday, but there was none of the clowning that had been a feature of earlier American space broadcasts.

By the next broadcast, on December 23, the lens was working again, and viewers saw better pictures, the first detailed shots taken by man from deep space. As they gazed at it Captain Lovell reflected: "What I keep wondering is, if I am some lonely traveller from another planet, what I would think about the earth at this altitude, whether I think it would be inhabited or not."

ALL THE MEN were in good condition, sleeping between 10 and 15 hours in rotation and eating most of their food. Apollo was nose down towards the moon and entering its gravitational pull more than 200,000 miles from earth.

As they approached the moon the most important decision of the whole mission had to be reached; whether to allow Apollo to whip once round and boomerang straight back to earth, or to attempt L.O.I. (Lunar Orbit Insertion) by firing the engines. When the ground staff were satisfied, the duty communicator at Houston told Colonel Borman simply: "This is Houston at 68.04 (68 hours and four minutes into



1. Dec. 21 – 6.21 p.m. I.S.T.: Saturn 5 lift-off from Cape Kennedy into earth orbit. 2. 9.11 p.m.: Saturn's third stage fires Apollo on translunar course. 3. 9.42 p.m.: Third stage separates and goes into orbit around sun. 4. Dec. 22 – 5.21 a.m.: First mid-course correction by service propulsion system (SPS) engine. 5. Dec. 23 – 1.31 a.m.: First TV broadcast. 6. Dec. 24 – 1.28 a.m.: Second TV broadcast. 7. 3.29 p.m.: SPS engine sends Apollo into lunar orbit. 8. 5.59 p.m.: TV broadcast from lunar orbit. 9. Dec. 25 – 8.01 a.m.: TV broadcast from lunar orbit. 10. 11.40 a.m. SPS engine sends Apollo on return journey to earth. 11. Dec. 26 – 2.21 a.m.: Only mid-course correction on return trip. 12. 2.45 a.m.: Fifth TV broadcast. 13. Dec. 27 – 2.21 a.m.: Final TV broadcast. 14. Dec. 27 – 9.21 p.m., Splashdown.

launch). You are go for L.O.I."

Equally tersely, Colonel Borman acknowledged: "O.K. Apollo 8 is go." Houston added encouragingly: "You are riding the best bird we can find." As they prepared for the delicate manoeuvre, Colonel Borman noted: "As a matter of interest, we have yet to see the moon." The target was dimly illuminated and with the windows clouding over it felt like being in a submarine, he said.

Picking up speed as it came to the leading edge of the moon, Apollo stayed in radio contact until it disappeared round the edge. Behind the moon it would be out of radio contact, unseen and unheard, and beyond any earth help.

As the tense moment of the black-out approached, Major Anders told Houston: "Thanks a lot troops. We'll see you on the other side." There were some 36 minutes to wait, and officials at Houston admitted that there was a great deal of anxiety as scientists and technicians watched their blank screens.

It all depended on the 20,500 lb. thrust rocket, the Service Propulsion System (S.P.S.), of the spacecraft, little bigger than a jet aircraft engine. Too short a firing on the dark side of the moon could send Apollo crashing down.

COLONEL BORMAN pressed a button marked Proceed on his flight computer, which took over and fired the engine for just over four minutes. Apollo's speed was slowed from 5,700 m.p.h. to 3,600 m.p.h. calculated to make it a manned satellite of earth's natural satellite.

It was 11.26 a.m. when Houston picked up the spacecraft again. The words that everyone had been waiting for came jubilantly from an official at Houston: "We've got it. We've got it. Apollo 8 is in lunar orbit. There is a cheer in this room."

Captain Lovell said from Apollo 8: "Good to hear your voice."

In orbit, the astronauts reeled off a string of figures and data on the spaceship's performance and technical condition. They were in an elliptical orbit of 70 miles by 194 miles, almost exactly as planned. From nearly a quarter of a million miles away Captain Lovell then gave the first close-up description of the moon's surface.

"The moon," he said, "is essentially grey. No colour. Looks like plaster of Paris . . . the Sea of Fertility doesn't stand out as well here as it does back on earth . . . .

"The craters are all rounded off . . . some of the round ones look as if they've been hit by meteorites or projectiles of some sort. . . ."

[Although the moon is essentially grey, NASA's photographs show a green shading of the surface. This is probably the effect of a

change in the colour response of the film, which did not record the exact value of white or sandy-grey, an official said. Some optical shift may also have been caused by the inter-reaction of cabin window glass with the camera lens.]

OF THE BACK of the moon, Captain Lovell reported that it "looks like a sand pile my kids have been playing in for a long time. It's all beat up, no definition, just a lot of bumps and holes."

He described a lunar sunrise. "At about two minutes before sunrise you get the limb (outer edge) beginning to brighten up into a sort of fine white haze, a faint glow completely over the space just behind the limb . . . it goes up quite a way. It takes a fan shape, unlike the sunrise on earth where the atmosphere affects it."

About two and a half hours after going into lunar orbit the astronauts sent back more live television pictures. They showed a brightly lit stretch of the moon's surface, including some craters, and shots of the moon's horizon framed in the window.

The moon appeared as a bright white blob with warts; some looked like very small, new craters that had little white rays radiating from them, according to the crew.

They also referred to a number of craters by such names as Mercury, Washington, Apollo, Slayton, Grissom, White and Chaffee. There were also Borman, a large crater, and Lovell and Anders near by. The names were a purely unofficial code to help identify new craters, Houston officials said.

Captain Lovell named a lunar mountain after his wife, Marilyn.

On its third turn round the dark side of the moon, Apollo 8 went into a nearly circular orbit 70 miles up to make eight more 10-hour orbits throughout the rest of Christmas Eve.

AS THE CRAFT neared the end of its third circuit, Colonel Borman broadcast a prayer dedicated to St. Christopher's Episcopalian Church near the Houston centre "as well as to people everywhere." It was a prayer for "The Coming of the Day of Universal Peace."

While the world was preparing to celebrate Christmas the crew were occupied in taking photographs, conducting navigation exercises, and carrying out routine chores about the spacecraft.

Major Anders, particularly, was kept on the hop taking photographs. "He is moving from one couch to another, using several kinds of camera, changing lenses, and he is as busy as one man – one astronaut – could be," a space official said.

Suddenly Colonel Borman told Houston: "We're scrubbing everything. I'll stay up and keep the spacecraft vertical but I want Jim and Bill to get some rest. We're getting too tired." Captain Lovell's snoring, Houston said, could be heard on earth.

BUT THEY WERE fit enough to make a second lunar television broadcast on Christmas Eve, during the ninth orbit. The 4½ lb. camera proved an invaluable aid to identification for Houston, and demonstrated that the first explorers of the moon will find plenty of landmarks when they arrive.

Only a few months ago, one astronaut had suggested leaving the camera out to make room for an extra set of underwear. It had always been a controversial item; Apollo 7's Commander, Walter Schirra, always said he did not like the idea of flight controllers looking over his shoulder. Although he took a camera, he refused to go on television the first scheduled time, saying that he had a bad cold and the crew were too busy and hungry.

The Apollo 8 crew seemed relaxed and happy with their televising. Colonel Borman reported on the second Christmas Eve show that his impression of the moon was "a vast, forbidding type of expanse of nothing . . . not a very exciting place to live or work."

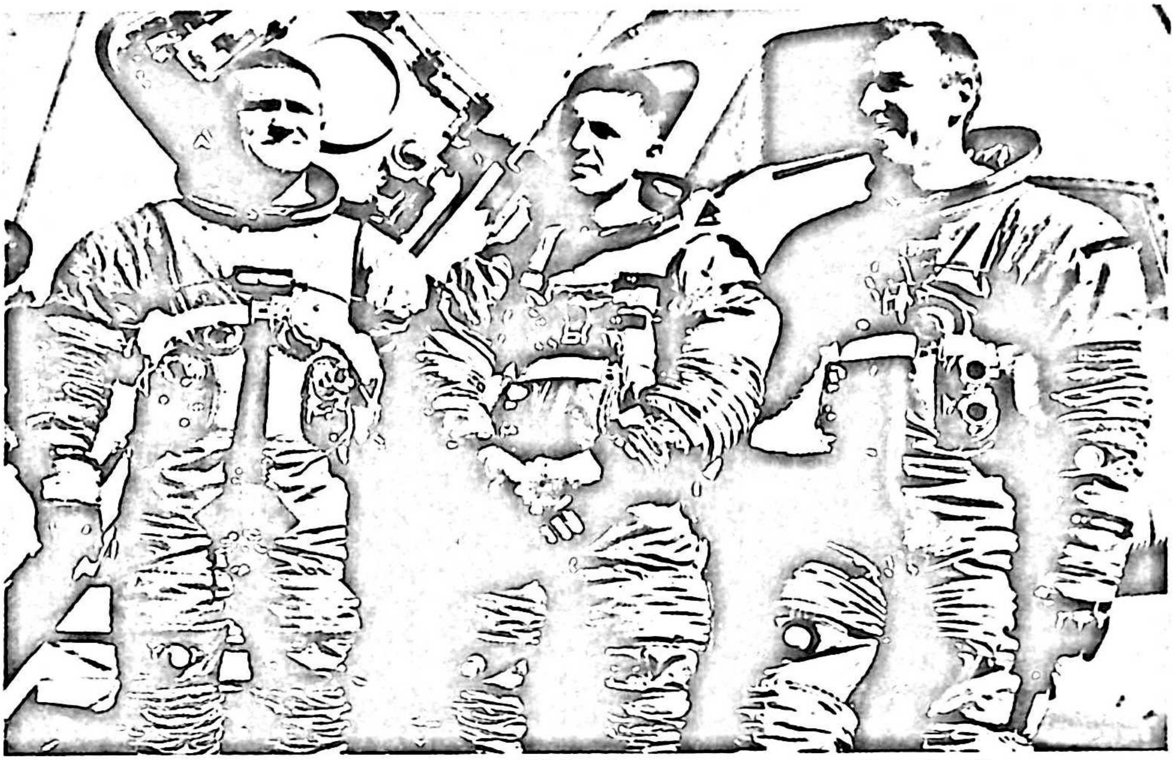
Captain Lovell called the moon "awe-inspiring." "It makes you realise just what you have back there on earth. The earth from here is a grand oasis in the big vastness of space."

AS THE CAMERA panned over the harsh and empty scene on the dead satellite below, Major Anders's voice was heard. "We are now approaching the lunar sunrise and for all the people back on earth the crew of Apollo 8 have a message that we would like to send to you."

And then in turn Major Anders, Captain Lovell and Colonel Borman read the first 10 verses of Genesis. Chapter One.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

"And the earth was without form, and void;



Frank Borman William Anders James Lovell

and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

"And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

"And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

"And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so.

"And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.

"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so.

"And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good."

Colonel Borman added: "And from the crew of Apollo 8, we close with good night, good luck, a merry Christmas, and God bless all of you – all of you on the good earth." The message from 230,000 miles out in space was heard round the world in probably the most moving minutes of the whole dramatic flight.

IN THE NEXT ORBIT it was back to brisk and businesslike efficiency as the crew prepared to aim for the earth again. Without banter and quips, everyone geared for the next serious moment, the restarting of the engine for 246½ seconds.

Minutes after Christmas Day began at Houston, Apollo 8 slipped behind the moon again for the last time. Behind the moon, the engine was due to come on again and lift the speed from 3,625 m.p.h. to 5,980 m.p.h. Houston waited anxiously.

Thirty-seven minutes later came Captain Lovell's voice calmly over the air. "Please be informed that there is a Santa Claus." Apollo 8 was homeward bound. At Houston, the lunar strip projection was replaced with a map of the earth, and a Christmas tree was placed beside the consoles.

The T.E.I. (Trans Earth Injection) was so

perfect that two planned mid-course corrections on the 237,000-mile trip back were cancelled. There were two more live television broadcasts, and piped music (Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass) was played to Apollo, with weekend football scores and long news bulletins.

They ate a Christmas lunch of turkey chunks, gravy, mixed cran-berry-apple sauce, grape punch, and coffee after making their fifth television broadcast. During the show Major Anders demonstrated how astronauts eat, with a package of chicken and gravy and a drink of orange juice.

Reportedly "extremely tired," the crew caught up on their sleep and took a day off. With only the re-entry and landing – "a piece of cake" – to face, they relaxed more. Major Anders, at 35 the youngest man on board, was reminded by Houston to hang up his stocking before he went to sleep. "It's beside my teddy bear," he answered.

COLONEL BORMAN was told of the comments of the Flat Earth Society of London. "There were only a few Scrooges that pooh-poohed the Christmas voyage," said Houston. "The most notable was Samuel Shenton of London's Flat Earth Society; he said the public was being bally-hooed, taken for a ride. How does that grab you, Frank?"

Colonel Borman replied: "It doesn't look flat from here, but, I don't know – maybe something is wrong with our vision."

During the final television broadcast on Boxing Day Colonel Borman said the astronauts felt something like the travellers of old after a very long voyage away from home. "Now we are heading back we feel proud of our flight – but we're glad to be heading back for home."

They ended: "We will see you back on the good earth very soon."

During the last few hours before re-entry the crew stowed away all loose gear. They came dead straight for the seven-mile-wide 38-mile-deep "window", pulled in ever faster by the earth's gravity until they reached 24,765 m.p.h. – faster than any spacecraft has ever travelled on re-entry.

TOO STEEP AN ENTRY would burn up the capsule, too shallow would make it bounce off helplessly into space again, with the crew dying slowly of oxygen starvation.

It came in perfectly, "like a real fireball," the crew said. Minutes before they hit the upper levels of the atmosphere 80 miles above China they fired the small rockets to separate their cone-shaped command capsule from the service rocket aft, and turned to come in backwards.

The heat shield glowed as the temperature shot up to 5,000°F. The capsule reached 180,000 ft. and roller-coasted up another 30,000 ft. off the denser layers of atmosphere before dropping again towards the Pacific.

There the recovery ships, led by the carrier Yorktown, waited in the pre-dawn light, in a slightly rolling sea, for the splashdown 1,000 miles south-west of Hawaii. Apollo's three drogue parachutes opened at 24,000 ft. and slowed the speed from 300 m.p.h. to 140 m.p.h.

Captain Lovell reported: "We are looking good." At 10,000 ft. the three main 83 ft.-wide parachutes opened to bring the capsule down gently at 22 m.p.h.

THE JOURNEY ENDED at 9 .21 p.m. I.S.T. just 7,000 yards away from the Yorktown, whose recovery helicopters spotted the capsule's beacon flashing in the near dark. Helicopters reached it within minutes, and frogmen dropped to fasten a flotation collar.

"We'll have steak and eggs, the same as we had before we left," Colonel Borman told frogmen on a hand radio from inside the capsule. An hour after splashdown, in first light, the three men climbed out and on to a life raft. A helicopter winched all three on board, where Colonel Borman borrowed an electric razor to shave.

On board the Yorktown the three smiled and waved to acknowledge the cheers of hundreds of sailors. "We're very happy to be here with you," Colonel Borman told them.

There was a telephoned message from President Johnson. "You have made us feel kin to those Europeans five centuries ago who first heard news of the New World. You've seen what man has never seen before."

Medical examinations and preliminary debriefings followed. All three spent the rest of the day on board the Yorktown, and next day flew to Hawaii and on to Houston for a brief reunion with their families.

Meanwhile Major Anders was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel by the President.

Then the men who had seen the far side of the moon went off for a week's secluded, concentrated debriefing with space officials.

Concluding the Special Report on Adventures in Space:

FROM SPUTNIK TO APOLLO

A record of American and Russian achievements in Space.

SEVEN YEARS AGO President Kennedy set the United States the target of landing a man on the moon by 1970.

From that moment the struggle for supremacy between Russia and America included the space race. Although both countries have gone out of their way to deny that they are racing for the moon, the fact remains that an expenditure approaching Rs. 14,400 crores to do just that carries with it no small incentive to be first.

Only in the past few weeks has the American Government approved expenditure for the 1970 financial year. Expenditure was a meagre $330m. (Rs 247.5 crores) in 1959. Last year it was 15 times as much.

As is shown by the table (on the following page) of the highlights of man's cautious steps into space, an almost casual beginning in 1957 soon turned into major endeavours by the two teams.

Sputnik I was almost derided by the Eisenhower Administration in 1957.

But soon the two parties were seen to be involved in a race to which the rest of the world was a bystander. Early shots at the moon with scientific instruments by both sides missed. The Russians tried to get a glimpse of deep space with a shot at Venus.

Then as a rehearsal for the great drama which was to come, Yuri Gagarin assured his place in the history books with his first and single orbit of the earth. Within four months, a Soviet colleague had repeated the venture by flying round the earth 17 times.

TO THE AMERICANS this was more than a scientific achievement. It was an indication of Soviet rocket might and all that that entailed.

Back at the launching pad, the first reply to Colonel Gagarin's flight was a suborbital journey by Commander Shepard, one month after the Russian's journey.

In 1962 Lieutenant-Colonel John Glenn helped restore the balance with a three-orbit trip in his Mercury capsule. The Russians replied with a master-stroke, surely worthy of the French, when Valentina Tereshkova captured the Miss Universe title as the world's first woman in space, with a journey of 48 orbits.

In 1964 the Russians sent three men into orbit in Voshkod I. This was the year that the Americans made big strides in the development of scientific and technology applications machines.

Ranger 7 took close-up photographs of the lunar surface. The Nimbus family of weather satellites began to give meteorologists unprecendented pictures of cloud systems in the upper atmosphere.

IN SPITE OF the dearth of manned flights by the Americans, these were crucial days. Men like the German-born Werner von Braun were already pouring over the drawing boards in the search for powerful machines that would later take man deep into space.

It was at this time that ideas were thrashed

Year	AMERICA	RUSSIA
1957		Oct.: Sputnik I, first man-made satellite launched into orbit. Nov.: Sputnik II carried dog, Laika, into space.
1958	Jan.: Explorer I, America's first satellite, launched. Oct.: Pioneer I failed in object to crash-land on moon but flew record 70,600 miles from earth.	
1959		Jan.: Luna I, first Soviet attempt to explore moon, missed by 3,000 miles and went into orbit around the sun.
1961	May: Commander Shepard launched into sub-orbital flight.	Feb.: Venus I, first attempt to explore another planet. April: Vostok I took first spaceman Yuri Gagarin, into one orbit. Aug.: Major Titov made 17½ orbits.
1962	Feb.: Lieut-Colonel John Glenn becomes first American astronaut, orbited three times.	
1963		June: First woman space traveller, Valentina Tereshkova. 48 orbits.
1964	July: Ranger 7 takes more than 4,000 close-up pictures of moon. Nov.: Mariner 4 launched, sends back pictures of Mars eight months later.	Oct.: Three men sent into orbit in Voshkod I.
1965	Mar.: Gus Grissom and John Young in two-man spaceship. Three orbits. June: Edward White walks in space. Dec.: Frank Borman and James Lovell orbit for 14 days in two-man Gemini 7, and also rendezvous with Gemini 6.	Mar.: Alexei Lenov, first man to walk in space.
1966	Mar.: Manned Gemini craft docks with unmanned Agena rocket. June: Surveyor I makes soft landing, sends back television pictures.	Jan.: Luna 9 makes first soft landing on the moon. Feb.: Two dogs make highest flight by living creatures.
1967	Jan.: Spacemen Grissom, Chaffee and White killed when fire breaks out in launch pad test.	April: Soyuz I crashed and Cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov killed. Oct.: Venus 4 makes first soft landing on Venus. Oct.: Two satellites in first unmanned space link-up.
1968	April: Apollo 6 launched, dress rehearsal to try out Saturn 5 rocket. Oct.: First manned splashdown in Apollo craft. 240 hours in space Dec.: Apollo 8, manned flight round the moon.	April: Luna 14, first Soviet moon orbital flight – did not return. Sept.: Zond 5, first unmanned craft to go round the moon and back to splashdown. Nov.: Zond 6, similar trip but lands on earth, proves feasibility of safe re-entry.
1969		Jan.: Soyuz 4 with Cosmonaut Vladimir Shatalov and Soyuz 5 with Cosmonauts Boris Volynov, Evgeny Khrunov and Aleksei Eliseev establish first experimental space station. Khrunov and Eliseev spacewalk across to Soyuz 4.

5577

out about the best method of accomplishing such a feat. Should a platform be built in space close to the earth first and used as a launching pad? Or should the journey be made in one operation?

The Americans chose to take the direct route, hence the development of von Braun's giant Saturn.

Alexei Lenov became the man to make the spectacular walk in space in March, 1965. Edward White followed him in June. A year later a manned Gemini craft docked with a spent Agena rocket case. The Russians put Luna 9 down for a soft landing on the moon, to be followed by television transmissions from the American Surveyor.

Then disaster struck.

THE FIRST SERIOUS SETBACK came two years ago with the death of three American astronauts.

Once again the spectre of Russian supremacy in space research haunted the Americans. Indeed, the pattern of space exploration might well have changed had not the Russians suffered a comparable tragedy with the death of Vladimir Komarov a few weeks later.

The successful Apollo 8 flight must have come as something of a disappointment to the Soviet scientists and technicians, particularly as they have scored so many firsts in space. The launching of Sputnik I in 1957 not only caught the western world by surprise, there were observers who were unprepared to accept it as anything more than an impressive stunt. THE END

FICTION VS FACT

By Giriraj Shah

Believe it for not! The breathtaking advance of technology is transforming 19th century fiction into 20th century fact.

Scientists of bygone years called themselves natural philosophers, and that presupposed an element of the prophetic in their speculation.

This element is strikingly demonstrated by the incredible similiarity between Jules Verne's imagination of a hundred years ago and the accomplishments of Apollo-8, which coasted round the moon last December.

It is fascinating to compare what Jules Verne described in his fictional account, FROM EARTH TO THE MOON, with what American space explorers achieved around Christmastime last year.

FICTION	FACT
1. The flight took off from a place named Tamya, in America.	1. The Apollo-8 took off from Cape Kennedy, 160 miles from Tamya.
2. The flight was predicted for December 1965, imaginary Spaceship splashed down into the Pacific on December 29.	2. Apollo-8 was launched on December 22, 1968, and landed in the Pacific on December 27, 1968.
3. Three Spacemen participated in the flight.	3. Apollo-8 carried three astronauts.
4. They flew in a 12 ft. Cabin. The Spaceship weighed 12,230 lb.	4. The Apollo-8 Cabin was also of 12 ft. It weighed 12,392 lb.
5. The distance of the moon was presumed to be 238,833 miles. The imaginary rocket flew at a speed of 25,000 miles an hour.	5. The distance of the moon is now reckoned at 225,000 miles. Apollo-8 flashed off at a speed of over 24,000 miles an hour.
6. The rocket circled the moon. It did not land on its surface.	6. Apollo-8 made 10 orbits round the moon. It did not land on the moon.
7. The fictional characters found no trace of life on the moon.	7. The U.S. astronauts believe likewise; they found no trace of life on the moon.
8. The moon's surface was said to consist of several layers with vast craters on it.	8. The U.S. astronauts confirm this prediction. The Apollo-8 photographs support them.

"All in all, a thoroughly disgraceful business, reflecting grave discredit on everyone concerned."

DISGRACE ABOUNDING

By A.D. Gorwala

BOMBAY HAS GOOD REASON to be thoroughly ashamed of itself. An appreciable section of its people has behaved in a totally irresponsible, wicked and senseless manner. Its government had not been able to establish peaceful conditions even after a night and three days of riot and disorder. All in all, a thoroughly disgraceful business, reflecting grave discredit on everyone concerned.

At the root of the trouble lies the Government of India's unwillingness to reach a decision on the question of Belgaum. The Mahajan report is neither accepted nor rejected. The Congress party in power at the Centre wishes not to displease the Congress parties of either Mysore or Maharashtra, Nijalingappa or Chavan, and so the fate of Belgaum is still left open. That Maharashtra generally feels deeply that Belgaum ought to be a part of it, there is no doubt. That the contrary view is held strongly in Mysore, is also clear. In such circumstances, no purpose is served by leaving the question undecided. Any conclusion would be better than mere hanging about.

Pressure to induce a decision favourable to itself has been building up in Maharashtra for some time, and one pressure group, the Shiv Sena, in an attempt to get the Government of India to make up its mind, went so far as to declare that it would prevent Ministers of the Central Government from visiting Bombay, so long as the Belgaum impasse continued. The Government of India's reputation for evading issues and refusing to face up to situations unless driven, is so well established, that not very many political persons took this declaration seriously, and indeed more than one Central Minister visited Bombay after the declaration without any serious interference.

BUT THEN there came Morarji Desai, and the Shiv Sena seems to have thought that it could not possibly give up such an opportunity for a striking demonstration. Piecing together newspaper reports one gets the impression that the intention of the leaders of the demonstration was to present a document to the Deputy Prime Minister at a pre-arranged point during his visit to the city, and that this plan and place had been agreed to by the Police authorities in charge of the safe transport of Morarji's person. However when the place was reached where the car was to stop, it did not and rushed on, because the authorities it seems apprehended that the presentation would not be as peaceful as had been thought. Also some of the demonstrators got knocked down and were injured badly.

Thereafter, as happens often with large gatherings and processions, those in charge seem to have lost control and the crowd developed a dynamic all its own. (The organisers of such affairs ought always to remember that this can happen very easily, and that it is no excuse to say afterwards, oh but I never meant it. They remain responsible.) In the result, Saturday

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night witnessed an orgy of destruction of public property, fourteen buses burnt in three hours (a record that beat even the best performance in the original home of this particular expression of patriotic fervour, Calcutta), numerous milk-booths set ablaze, some shops looted, some roads barricaded or otherwise made impassable, ample stone-throwing indulged in, a general shattering of law and order throughout an important and crowded portion of the city.

SUNDAY, with the news of the arrest of the leaders of the Shiv Sena, saw an extension of the previous night's disorders, and on that day and Monday and Tuesday, the mob and not Government was in control of large parts of the city. All kinds of hooligans, of every political persuasion and none, supplemented the original Shiv Sena misdeeds, cut the city into two in spite of occasional police firings, and made life extremely difficult for the innocent citizen, kept at home by the curfew, deprived of milk, vegetables, necessary supplies of every kind, his heart full of anxiety, not knowing from moment to moment when he might not be attacked by goondas whom he saw from his terraces and windows looting shops, burning public vehicles and private cars, not even sparing ambulances needed for the sick and the injured.

That such conditions should continue not for a few hours at most, but for days, could there be greater proof of the incompetence or unwillingness to act of any Government? When it was clear by Sunday afternoon that the disorder could not be checked by ordinary measures, why were the military not asked to assist the civil power forthwith? Why were the people subjected to two days more of tortured anxiety, of great loss, of obedience to the will of ruthless scoundrels? Did the Chief Minister really think his platitudinous broadcasts could have any effect on violence-ridden mobs? And what is to be said of the Government endeavour to get the leader of the Shiv Sena movement, the man responsible more than anyone else for the degraded state to which this great city has been reduced, to put forth from jail an appeal to his followers to desist from the deleterious course on which they had embarked? Is the Government of Maharashtra so utterly impotent, that it needs assistance from such a source to restore in its own capital city order and the rule of law? Or is it true as some allege that between the Government and him there is some compact, that they both work together, at the risk and cost of the citizens of Bombay, to stress the strength of the feeling on Belgaum? If this allegation is in fact false, as undoubtedly this writer would wish it to be, we shall no doubt soon see all those who have caused and nurtured this horrible state of affairs, appearing in court to answer proper substantive charges. To the Government of Maharashtra it must be said, "you have grievously failed in your duty to protect the people of this city entrusted to your charge. See that you do not fail now in at least meteing out the fullest punishment to those responsible directly and indirectly for the crimes from which the people have suffered, however high the status of the offenders or useful to you their political position and pull."

A point to which attention needs to be directed is the understanding said to have been arrived at between the police authorities and the Shiv Sena leaders about the presentation of a document to the Deputy Prime Minister. Surely no such understanding ought even to have been thought of. The duty of the police was to see that the dignitary they were conducting got safely to and from his destination, not to arrange meetings for him with people whom they knew to be ill-disposed towards his government and opposed to his visit to the city itself.

IN THESE DAYS, a great deal of confusion is common about values, ideals, duties; and people in positions of power, political and official, governmental and non-governmental, find no difficulty in convincing themselves that anything they like, anything that seems to them for their advantage, is right and proper. There could be no greater fallacy than this. For the Minister, for the official, duty is firm, duty is fixed. It does not vary with his mood or his interest. And his first duty is always, protection of the people, ensuring of just treatment to them, saving them from oppression, enabling them to go about their proper avocations in complete safety. 'Good man he was and in his time, none dared trouble another.' Thus history remembers some great rulers of the past. And how will history remember Vasantrao Naik and his motely crew of self-interested politicians? 'Poor-spirited and mean-minded men they were, and in their time, they permitted simple, decent folk to be vilely maltreated, oppressed and thrown to the wolves, uttering hypocritical, high-sounding sentiments all the while." Is this the epitaph the Government of Maharashtra really desires? END

Inflation creates black money and a tendency towards compulsive tax-evasion, but the connection between the two is obvious, more so in a socialistic society like ours.

BLACK MONEY

By S.S. Amladi

SOME YEARS AGO, the then Finance Minister made the startling disclosure that there was concealed in the country, black money amounting to Rs. 500 crores. He said that he meant to unearth it all. If the figure was correct, taking the average rate of taxation at 50 per cent, the Government would have secured Rs. 250 crores had his effort succeeded. But that Finance Minister retired to his own groove, with the exchequer none the richer.

Since then, however, there have been some efforts, to eradicate the evil of hidden money in the country. Loopholes in taxation laws have been mended. Institutional control like the Managing Agency has been severely checked, since it was believed that it led to clever manipulations to the detriment of revenue. Recovery procedure it is claimed has been streamlined. Again, penalties for the concealment of income and wealth have been steeply raised, the maximum now reaching as high as twice the amount of income/wealth sought to be concealed. Provision has been made for deduction of income-tax at source on deposits with banks and joint-stock companies, evidently to bring to book 'benami' deposits which have escaped income-tax, wealth tax and gift-tax. Additionally, it has been sought to simplify dealing with direct taxation so that small assessees might now be able to file their returns correctly without having to take the help of costly professional advice.

ALL THE ABOVE measures are essentially procedural in scope and content. The Government, however, has gone further to coax profiteers out of their ill-gotten treasure. From April 1, 1965, both the Income-tax and the Wealth-tax Acts have been amended to include what is known as the Voluntary Disclosures Scheme. Full disclosure is now permitted to be made of those items of income and wealth which had escaped assessment in earlier years, provided the initiative has come from the assessee. The income thus disclosed is chargeable to graduated rates of tax, but two major concessions are allowed to assessees: (i) the maximum rate of income/wealth tax is lower than would otherwise attach to the corresponding slab of income/wealth; (ii) the assessing authority has discretionary power to remit in whole or in part, the penalty imposable in normal circumstances for non-disclosure and non-payment of tax due.

By all accounts, this much-heralded scheme has not been netting any sizable revenue. The bigger fry have obviously snubbed it. And this for obvious reasons. No citizen would ever ask to be branded an evader in the eyes of the law. He correctly reasons that if, in all these years the Government has failed to catch him, it is highly unlikely that it will succeed in future. Assessments, as they are conducted in India from the cosy comfort of an armchair, are mostly routine affairs, patterned after earlier

By arrangement with OPINION, Bombay.

years' hearings, and it is not difficult for a clever businessman to present a ship-shape picture of his finances in such a way as not to arouse suspicion. This being so, the authorities seem to have sadly wasted their most disarming weapon — leniency — on the evaders.

In fact, a government which sets out to unearth and eradicate black money is at once faced with a host of subsidiary problems. For one thing, hidden money has a pernicious habit of generating itself under cover. It is in the interest of the profiteer to keep black money black and notwithstanding the recent efforts of some enterprising men to convert black money into white by diverting it to such an utterly disorganised and unregulated field as agriculture, a great proportion of it generated over the past 10 years has never seen the light of the day. For another, our Government has so far ignored the economic aspect of tax evasion and looked upon it mainly as a social malady.

THERE IS ALWAYS a point beyond which taxation begins to be a disincentive to saving and earning. In India, according to many authorities on fiscal economics, we have already crossed that point. Such a high tax-structure is likely to breed black money and, in fact, positively induces businesses with a high yield-potential to underrate their profits. (This is easy with such legislation as the Income-tax Act that has grown, since its inception as late as in 1961, into a quagmire of sub-sections and provisos.) The small reliefs granted to assessees are inadequate in countering the unjustifiably high rates of Income, Wealth and Gift tax in the higher slabs of assessable incomes. In 1956, our Government invited Prof. Nicholas Kaldor to study its fiscal policies and suggest changes in them. His suggestions for diversifying and broadening our tax-base have been partially implemented — in fact, it was he who suggested taxation of gifts and personal expenditure. What is relevant here is his contention that the maximum rate of taxation of joint-stock companies should not be more than 45 per cent, as also his plea for including agricultural income in the taxable category. The Government has yet to implement these very pragmatic suggestions. While agricultural income is free of income-tax, joint-stock companies' profits are liable to it at flat rates ranging from 50 per cent to 65 per cent. This is exclusive of other taxes

Sun Tan



"The franc is tottering sterling is weak even the U S dollar is shaky but I m supposed to remain stable"



Well how long before we have to give up this life of luxury and fall into line with Paris and London?"

on company profits, viz., dividend-tax, and penal taxes on non-declaration of prescribed dividends for 'close' companies. Taxation of personal incomes fares no better, with the maximum rate of Income-tax reaching 65 per cent. This is progressivism with a vengeance.

It may perhaps sound odd to say that inflation creates black money and a tendency towards compulsive tax-evasion, but the connection between the two is obvious — the more so in a socialistic economy like ours. Inflation leads, in the long run and if unchecked, to high profits and when such high profits attract a prohibitive rate of tax at 60 or 70 per cent, there is always the temptation to make them appear less. Besides the immediate tax-benefit, such a practice gives the assessee a facility for low assessments in future. Inflationary trends showed up strongly in the country's economy around the late 'fifties. Taxes, and direct taxes in particular, were raised during that period to enable the Government to meet its heavy commitments in the public sector. Much of this concealed money would not have been generated if inflation had been checked at the right moment.

THERE IS a snag, however, in the way of an easy accumulation of black money. It has to show somewhere, sometime. Some past and recent measures reveal that Government is aware of this. The first one, i.e., Expenditure-tax, turned out to be a piece of abortive legislation. It was introduced in 1958, and covered only personal expenditure above the prescribed limit, but its administration was bogged down in the early stages by lean collections and faulty assessments, and it was repealed.

The second measure is contained in this year's Finance Act. Henceforth, all payments in excess of Rs. 2,500 have to be made by means of a crossed cheque. This is supposed to be a check against the practice of passing off fictitious payments as genuine business expenditure; but the provision is not likely to be particularly helpful in arresting the flow of black money.

The twin problems of black money and tax-evasion are long-term problems and are going to stay with us for quite some time. Apart from the moral consciousness which needs to be instilled into our society, the economic issues involved should also be appreciated. The following steps are suggested:

By Collette

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"I don't know anything about welding, but I know what I like."



"These antiques are for sale, but we require a written guarantee that the sixteenth-century Tang ewer will not be converted into a bedside lamp."

(1) Inflation must be controlled at all costs. In an economy like ours, where free enterprise is permitted in howsoever small a measure, giganticism can only lead to a runaway inflation which then leads to all kinds of economic evils, including concealed incomes and wealth.

(2) Government should spell out its industrial and fiscal policies in clear terms, so that the people and the business community do not suffer from a continuing sense of insecurity. Often this insecurity induces businessmen and others to underrate profits and indulge in lavish and unproductive expenditure.

(3) Our legislators ought really to make an experiment with lower tax rates instead of trying to squeeze out more and more from the same sources all the time, and

(4) Our out-dated tax-collection machinery ought to be overhauled and brought upto international standards. With a speedier and more dynamic approach towards assessments, valuation and recovery, there is no reason why our tax authorities should not command greater respect and obedience from the assessees, big or small.

THE END

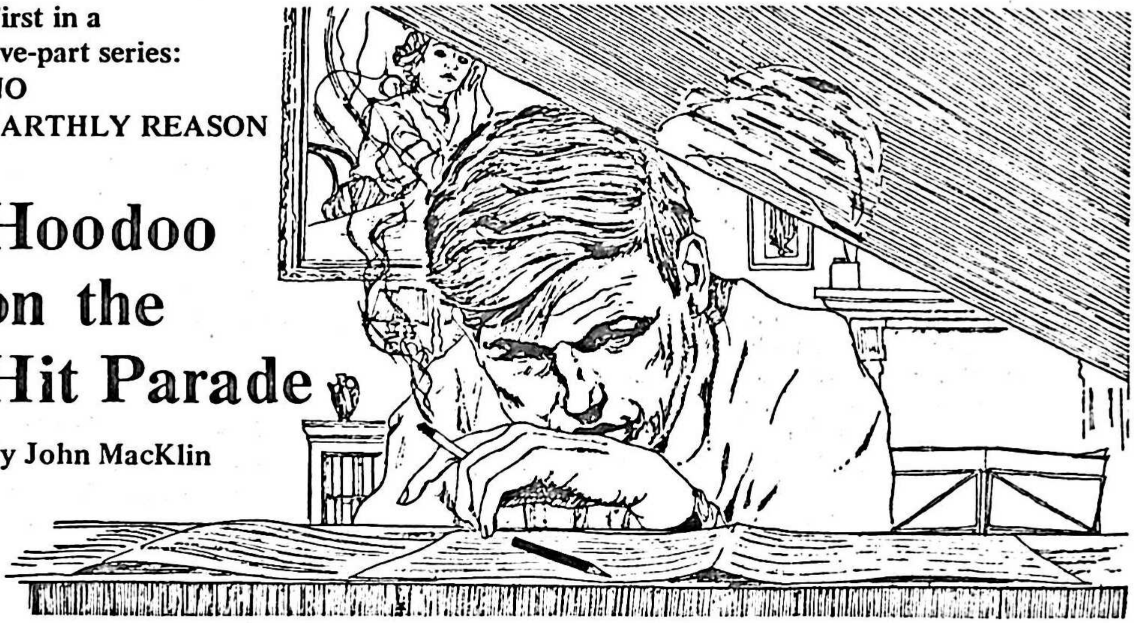
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Dated: February 28, 1969. Signed by the publisher, K.S. Ranade.



"The Commonwealth Conference is under arrest for racial incitement under the terms of the Race Relations Act"

Thirty years ago, a song called "Gloomy Sunday" caused an extraordinary outbreak of suicide and disaster where-ever it was played. Was it possible that a song could bear a fatal curse?

First in a five-part series: NO EARTHLY REASON



Hoodoo on the Hit Parade

By John MacKlin

IT'S A SAD SONG but there have been sadder ones. It tells of the heartbreak of a broken romance, yet so do countless other pop ballads.

But there has never been a song like "Gloomy Sunday" because it is more than just another sad story of broken love. It is a killer.

Over the years more than 100 people are estimated to have died as a direct result of "Gloomy Sunday", the song that the world was convinced bore a fatal curse.

The radio stations of 15 nations banned it in the 'thirties. Singers died singing it, people died while listening to it. And then, as war broke out, "Gloomy Sunday" was forgotten.

Now it's being remembered again. American pop star Ketty Lester has, against strong opposition, included the song on an L.P. At least three other American versions are being prepared.

And the question is being asked: Will the apparently deadly influence of "Gloomy Sunday" make itself felt once again?

IT WAS IN 1932 that composer Reszo Seress sat in his Paris apartment on a drab December Sunday and wrote the song that was to lead to a veritable orgy of suicide and sorrow.

For some time, he couldn't find anyone to publish it. "It's not that the song is sad," wrote one publisher to Seress. "There's a sort of terrible compelling despair about it. I don't think it would do anyone any good to hear a song like that."

He was right. Soon strange things began to happen.

In a crowded cafe in the heart of Budapest, a young man-about-town asked the band to play "Gloomy Sunday" as he sat sipping champagne at his stage-side table.

Then he paid the bill, pulled on his overcoat, hailed a taxi and shot himself.

A FEW DAYS LATER in Berlin, a young shop assistant hanged herself. Beneath her feet lay a copy of "Gloomy Sunday". In New York a pretty typist gassed herself . . . leaving a request that "Gloomy Sunday" should be played at her funeral.

Certainly there seemed to be *something* about the song, some strange quality that crept into the hearts of men and women . . . and lured them to death at their own hands.

As fatalities mounted, the B.B.C. suppressed the song, and American broadcasting networks followed suit. A French radio station even brought in psychical experts to study the curious case of "Gloomy Sunday". But their observations had no apparent effect on the ever increasing death-rate.

Perversely, with every fresh disaster, the popularity of "Gloomy Sunday" increased. Could anything be done to stem its sinister influence? Lawyers debated whether the composer could be prosecuted for complicity in the fantastic wave of deaths which all appeared directly attributable to the tune.

BROKEN ROMANCES could not wholly be blamed. One man who threw himself to his death from a seventh storey window whilst the tune was being played, was nearly 80 years old. Another victim was a 14 year-old-girl who drowned herself, clutching a copy of the song.

Perhaps strangest of all was the case of a Rome errand boy who heard a beggar singing the tune. The boy parked his cycle, walked back to the beggar, handed over all the money he had and drowned himself from the parapet of a nearby bridge.

Newspapers had a field day. They ran headlines like "Suicide song kills again" and sent reporters off to find Seress and ask him what he was up to.

The composer confessed himself as bewildered as everyone else. He had written the song on the break-up of his own love affair, little dreaming of the effect it would have.

Yet not even Seress was to emerge unscathed from the evil influence of his creation. In the week "Gloomy Sunday" became a best-seller, he wrote to his ex-fiancee asking whether a reunion was possible.

THE NEXT DAY, the girl committed suicide. She killed herself with poison. By her side was a sheet of paper containing two words. "Gloomy Sunday".

After this, Seress was anxious that the song be withdrawn before it could do further damage. But by now it had a notoriety value and even when several countries attempted a ban, "bootleg" copies were sold in the streets.

In every country the toll of fatalities mounted almost weekly. When record companies, anxious to cash in on the boom, organised recording sessions, they were hard pressed to find musicians willing to play the hoodoo song.

In America, when Hal Kemp and his band made the first recording of the song for Columbia, half the players refused to take part. When replacements were eventually found, there were so many hitches and technical faults that 21 masters had to be cut before they had one good enough to press.

As the hullabaloo died down, the B.B.C. decided to broadcast the song — but as an orchestral piece only. Later this version was put on record. It was this record of "Gloomy Sunday" that a London policeman heard wafting from a flat window hour after hour as he patrolled his beat below.

Eventually he investigated and found a repeat mechanism was playing the record. Nearby lay a woman dead from a fatal dose of barbiturates.

AS SUICIDE FIGURES surged again, the B.B.C. reimposed its ban on "Gloomy Sunday" and has never lifted it. To Reszo Seress, the fame and attention the song brought him was totally unwelcome.

"I stand in the midst of this deathly success as an accused man," he declared. "This fatal fame hurts me. I cried all the disappointments of my heart into this song and it seems that others with feelings like mine, found their own hurt in it...."

Now nearly 30 years later, the song that creeps so insidiously into the hearts of those suffering from sorrow and despair, is back on the world's turntables and radio waves.

Only time will tell whether it has lost any of its fatal fascination.

THE END

Next Month in the No Earthly Reason series:

FACE TO FACE WITH THE STATUE OF DEATH

No inanimate object has ever been credited with such malign influences as the "figurehead of death" — the life sized wooden figure of Atlanta.

A lifetime's love of children, and 597 pages of homely advice transformed a genial, middle-aged doctor into the man who minds a million babies.

First in a five-part series: FAMOUS AFTER 40

Dr Benjamin Spock

By Leo Meaghan

HE'S NOT HUNGRY, he's not wet, he hasn't got wind, or a temperature, but still he cries... And as the dim dawn breaks and the nursery reverberates with infant anguish, it's a fair bet one worried parent will turn to the other and mutter: "I wonder what Dr. Spock says..."

Dr. Benjamin Spock, a towering genial man of 65, has said a great deal since the day 22 years ago, when he burst from the relative obscurity of a New York pediatric practice to become probably the most celebrated and influential doctor of all time.

For four evenings a week for two years, Benjamin Spock sat in his tiny study and wrote, tore up and wrote again.

What finally emerged in 1946 was a book which in a few months had become the best selling volumes since the Bible.

Now it's sold over 20 million in 30 countries and made Spock probably the second most important man in a young mother's life.

The fame bestowed upon Dr. Spock has been lasting and profound. If he accepted all the lecture invitations which pour into his house in Cleveland Heights, Ohio, he would be speaking three times a night, seven nights a week.

He has deeply involved himself in the controversy surrounding civil rights and disarmament, and has been seriously suggested as a presidential candidate.

He takes it all in his stride and takes care to be a doctor first and a celebrity second — all his writing and lecturing is done after working a full day at the Medical School of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, where he is Professor of Child Development.

SPOCK WAS 43 when he actually got around to writing his book, "Baby and Child Care", which has been the greatest single influence in the move to take the grim discipline out of child-rearing and make babies fun.

Before he came on the scene, children were seen and not heard, a banana was forbidden fruit for babies, and it was considered character-building for tots to sleep in unheated rooms with the windows thrown open.

Dr. Spock changed all this. "I didn't want to scold or lecture mothers," he has said, "I wanted to reassure them." And his common-sense, warmth and reassurance have done just that for over two decades of anxious mums.

If there were any criticisms, it was that Spock was too permissive, but he doesn't agree. "A child needs guidance," he says. "He's miserable if he doesn't get it — and so are his parents."

He says he always insisted on politeness and



consideration from his own sons, John and Michael. Now they're grown-up and have children of their own.

Spock's love of children is transparently great. "One of my faults as a pediatrician," he said, "has always been that I whoop it up too much with the children."

Without it, say his colleagues, the book that has been called the Baby's Bible would probably never have been written.

Spock's interest in children stems almost from his own childhood. He was the eldest of six, and spent much of his time looking after the younger children. "I gave a lot of bottles," he says, and to his surprise, he found he enjoyed the job.

WHEN HE qualified as a doctor after studying at Yale and the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons, he had no doubt about the branch of the profession he was to enter. In 1929, he opened a pediatric practice in New York.

Life as a young doctor is never easy, but Dr. Spock managed to live in remarkable style. "Soon after we were married," he recalled, "we lived in a basement of a very old building.

"There was a colossal living-room like a ballroom which was great for us, because we used to dance every chance we got.

"The trouble was our friends had to troop past the furnace to come in and dance, but even so, it was all elegant."

HE HAD MARRIED Jane Davenport Cheney, a vivacious, dark-haired daughter of a cotton magnate, who from the beginning encouraged Spock in his pediatric researches, and backed him when he began to break away from the then popular beliefs that it was "unprofessional and mushy" to treat patients with tender care.

It was after he had studied psychiatry at New York University that he began to formulate the theories that were to bring him world fame ten years later.

He began to demolish the mystique that had surrounded child-care since the turn of the century. Kindness, he stressed, should be the ruling principle behind bringing up a family.

In his lectures, he stressed that natural loving care was a hundred times more valuable than technical knowledge about child-rearing. "Don't be afraid to trust your own commonsense," he declared, and all over America people who heard him speak realised that here was a man with something vitally important to say.

BUT BEFORE he could say very much of it, America came into World War II and Dr. Spock became a psychiatrist in the U.S. Navy. By the time the war was over, he had perfected his theories and was ready to tell the world about them.

Thousands of pages of manuscript were typed and retyped. Eventually, he was satisfied and "Baby and Child Care" came off the presses. It was soon apparent that it was to be the greatest best-seller since best-seller lists were devised.

Spock became a national hero, and has stayed one. He has written several sequels, all of which have received delighted acclaim. Since 1955, he has been a resident of Cleveland, where he lives in homely comfort, still does the odd jig around the dance floor, and takes off whenever possible for a weekend's dinghy sailing on Lake Pymatuning.

FOR A MAN who works a 60-hour week when most of his generation are lazing in retirement, Dr. Spock is uncannily fit.

He weighs only a few pounds more than he did when he rowed in the Yale team which won the Olympic championship in 1924, and attributes his good health to a non-fat diet and a healthy appetite for exercise.

Dr. Spock may be famous, but he insists that he isn't rich, and says his income from writing – about Rs. 1,26,000 a year – hasn't risen since the late 'forties'.

Nor does he mind. It's been estimated that at any one time, a million mothers around the world are looking to see "what Dr. Spock says." And this, he reckons, is reward enough! THE END

Next Month in the Famous After 40 series:

Coco Chanel

At 85, the most powerful and influential queen of fashions.

When the veteran tough guy Rod Steiger met the shy young beauty Claire Bloom, it was hardly love at first sight!

First in a five-part series

A marriage in a million



The Rod Steigers

By Mary Kaye

IN A MINI-MINI CREAM silk dress with chain belt and long black stockings, Claire Bloom, at a London cocktail party, looked like a schoolgirl caught out of bounds with a drink in her hand.

In a black polo-neck sweater, casual slacks and rough tweed jacket, Rod Steiger, standing beside her, solid as a rock, was every inch the veteran tough guy of countless Hollywood movies.



Together they have made one of the most astonishingly successful marriages in show-business. Yet they look as unlikely a combination as beef steak and ice cream. He, big and brawny. She, small and dark with a melting prettiness that makes it hard to believe that she's 36.

THEY HAVE BEEN married now for nine years and their happiness is fast becoming a show-business legend. It is the marriage they said wouldn't, and couldn't, work – which just shows how wrong they can be.

"Being married," Claire told me, and her brown eyes sparkled behind fringes of long false lashes, "being married gives a woman a wonderful feeling of being totally protected.

"I feel that it enables you to develop yourself as an individual. If you are loved, and you love someone back, it gives you a sense of stability that nothing else in life can match.

"And, consequently, you don't worry so much about meeting new people, going to new places, and tackling new projects in your life, that might otherwise make you nervous."

THE STEIGERS first met ten years ago while playing on Broadway in "Rashomon". But, although they were married

within twelve months, it was hardly a case of love at first sight.'

"I was scared stiff of him," Claire recalls with a smile. "He seemed so much of an individualist that I simply thought that he was mad.

"I suppose now, looking back on it," she mused, "what I was really afraid of were my own feelings. So I hardly spoke to him for weeks."

Steiger was just as candid: "I used to have what is known as an autocratic personality. In other words, I couldn't see beyond the great *me*. I was totally self-centred, and I couldn't communicate with other people.

"When I met Claire, I thought she was aloof and distant. I was such an idiot at the time, looking back on it now. One must never mistake shyness for aloofness."

FROM SUCH unpromising beginnings, the show-biz marriage in a million was born. From the start, it ran with uncanny smoothness, along the right lines.

"The whole secret of loving is giving," Claire told me. "So we both very soon forgot about our own personal worries, and started worrying about each other's.

"We don't even think of each other as actors any more. Perhaps because we had both found success in our careers before we met, so that there is never any competition between us."

But if there ever were any conflicts in their careers, who would make the sacrifices?

"I would," she said firmly, and unhesitatingly. "But there have been quite a number of times in our marriage when Rod has been filming, and I haven't. And I have never really minded. I've simply enjoyed being the proud wife in the background.

"After all, we have Anna, and being at home with her is a joy that I look on as a luxury."

Anna is their eight-year-old daughter, a pretty dark-haired little wisp of a girl, who has her mother's huge dark brown eyes and her father's love of music.

"She plays the piano constantly and beautifully," says Steiger proudly. "And she loves to dance, too," says Claire, who trained as a ballerina.

EDUCATION IS NO PROBLEM. "We send her to an international school, so that whether we are in Rome, Paris, London or New York, there is no difficulty, because she can start exactly where she left off."

But there is one thing the Steigers do insist upon: whenever possible, they avoid hotels.

Just now they are filming together in England, playing husband and wife for the first time in a comedy called "Three Into Two Won't Go". And they have rented a house in a quiet London square.

"Our evenings, we are hoping," says Claire, "will be peaceful and thoroughly domesticated."

But there should be fun, too. Their friends the Burtons were in town. So was Sammy Davis Jr.

WHEN THEY ENTERTAIN, however, theirs is not the usual kind of show-biz junket. Much more likely a quiet dinner with a few intimate friends and coffee round the fire.

Both are avid readers, and Steiger's big hero is Hemingway. "I'd love to play his life," he admits. "And it's something I don't think I could have tackled ten years ago.

"Claire," he is quick to say, " makes me feel like I could play kings with all the confidence in the world."

"Rod," says Claire, "gives *me* the confidence to want to play real flesh-and-blood females."

And in this casting director's dream come true – a successful marriage of apparent opposites brought together by a mutual searching for security – both give me the feeling that one of the main factors responsible for their obvious happiness is the obvious pride that they have in each other.

"As single people," they say, "we were individuals. "Married, we are still individuals, but we think together."

That's love . . . and you can almost watch it grow.

THE END

Next Month in the A Marriage in a Million series:

THE HUSSEINS OF JORDAN

The Royal Family who live in fear of assassin's bullet or a political upheaval all the time.

"Women smile the smile of the weaker sex and pretend they would like to change places. But that's only to keep their husbands from finding out the embarrassing truth."

It's Already a Woman's World

By John Mason

IF YOU HAD the chance to be born again, would you prefer to be a man or a woman? Most men cherish the illusion that they would like to be born to grow into a big, strong, superior male once again.

Women smile the smile of the weaker sex and pretend they would like to change places. But that's only to keep their husbands from finding out the embarrassing truth.

It's really a woman's world. Most girls couldn't afford to change places.

They save more, spend more, and inherit more money than men (the ones who work themselves to death earning it).

Women have fewer serious health worries, they live longer and have more of a say in running the family than men.

Women have fewer accidents, a lower suicide rate, and the last word on what you'll be seeing at the pictures on Saturday night. So why should they knock a good thing?

AND JUST HOW MUCH of a good thing they are on to was revealed in a surprise estimate made in a British Government report recently.

It showed that women own more shares quoted on the Stock Exchange than men – £32,000,000 more.

They have 10 times that figure more than men invested in building societies – and an even bigger amount stacked away in the Post Office and Government gilt-edged stocks.

Eight million women in Britain are in a position to raise £21,636,000,000 between them – if they cashed in on all estimated assets.

So much, then, for the little woman who slaves over a kitchen sink – when she is not out spending some threequarters of the money her husband brings home each week (not to mention the nine-tenths of anything she happens to earn herself).

AND WHEN IT COMES TO the little matter of insurance, women rarely make a bad investment.

"Few women in Britain," a spokesman for a leading insurance company told me, "bother to take out life insurance (the kind payable to someone else when you die)."

No. They prefer endowment assurance, or a similar kind of insurance – to make sure they get their own money back at the end of a set period.

"It's usually men who take out whole life insurance," added the company spokesman. And it's usually women who do the collecting.

IN AMERICA women are the beneficiaries of at least 80 per cent of life insurance, and they also receive 71 per cent of the total assets left by men and 64 per cent of

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those left by other women.

And British girls, reckon the experts, aren't far behind their American sisters when it comes to holding their hands out.

Mind you, money is not the only reason why it's really a woman's world. There are other advantages.

A woman is much less likely to spend part of her life in prison, stop an enemy bullet, worry herself to death, find herself in a mental hospital, or even have an accident.

Even where women outnumber men at work, their accident rate is often lower. In a typical textile industry employing 62,600 women and 39,800 men, the men's accident rate (per thousand) was 22. The women's was 16.

RECENT STATISTICS show that in one year of 1,027 people who were drowned in Britain, only 231 of them were women. Why? "Women don't seem to get themselves into dangerous situations so much as men," explained a spokesman for the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents.

Psychologists believe that women have a better instinct for self-preservation than men.

That figures when one compares the suicide rate of the sexes. A larger number of women attempt to take their own lives – but fewer succeed.

The theory is that women don't really mean to kill themselves. They're more concerned with getting attention. For every woman who succeeds in the attempt, four men do away with themselves.

One of the most serious health factors during recent years has been the rapid rise in the incident of heart disease among men.

With women, the danger has increased only very slowly.

They sit at home, relaxing after a hard day's housework. And there is a good chance that they will still be sitting there in the evenings six years after the husbands are dead.

THE SURVIVAL GAP between the sexes appears to be widening too, and the medical profession is becoming alarmed at the way women are outnumbering men in the over-65 group.

Two American sociologists studied the comparative life spans of the nuns and monks. They had all been living the same types of sheltered life, all equally free of stress and financial cares.

Yet it turned out that the nuns still had a life expectancy five-and-a-half years greater than the monks.

So the scientists concluded: "It seems that women enjoy a definite biological advantage over men when it comes to longevity."

THIS MEANS a fundamental difference in the way that men's and women's bodies work – the way they are physiologically organised. And not just human beings, but even female rats, mice and guinea-pigs live longer . . . because the female of the species is far stronger than the male. Each of the cells which makes up the female body contains between 500 and 1,000 more genes than the cells of the male. If some of a woman's genes are defective, she has plenty of spares available to make up the deficiency. A man has not.

And there is another factor that lengthens the female life. Both men and women produce two sex hormones called estrogen and androgen, but women produce far more estrogen.

Estrogen has a strange power of lowering the fat content of the blood – a life-saving service. For it is excess fat in the blood that leads to hardening of the arteries (arteriosclerosis) which, in turn, is the cause of most coronary disorders.

EVEN THE computers agree. Mountains of information have been fed into them during experiments to help select American astronauts. The mechanical brains have come up with the following facts and figures.

The average woman eats 500 calories less than the average man every day; she has a better sense of smell, and gets her second teeth six months earlier.

For every seven male criminals, there is only one woman who breaks the law.

Women also get better from operations quicker, and they stand a smaller chance of getting appendicitis.

For every 100 men who are deaf-mutes, there are only 79 women.

Women are more restless and changeable than men – and they are 12 per cent more ticklish.

They also day-dream twice as much as men.

Most impressive statistic, or the most terrifying, according to your viewpoint, is that there are more women than men in the world today.

It's a woman's world all right! THE END

Hong Kong Suits, Anyone?



By Alan Castro

HAVE YOU HEARD the one about the tourist who was measured for a suit shortly after his plane took off from Tokyo – and found it ready and waiting for him when he landed at Hong Kong? Or the one about the traveller who walked out of his Hong Kong tailor's shop in a smart, impeccably-cut new suit, got drenched in a rainstorm, stormed back and demanded angrily that the suit be glued together again?

It has long been open season on Hong Kong tailors, with most of the jokes coming from their envious competitors around the world. One Hong Kong resident, visiting London recently, found tailors at Savile Row and Bond Street condescending at best and often downright unfriendly when the subject of Hong Kong-made suits came up. "I suppose they're all right," conceded one Savile Row snob, "for sailors and salesmen."

BUT THE LAUGHS and sarcasm have helped the little Colony's thriving tailoring industry more than they have hurt. Last year some 700,000 tourists paid out almost US$7,000,000 for the privilege of owning a Hong Kong-made suit.

Hong Kong takes it for granted that it has the best tailors in the Orient – if not the world. Where else could a visitor, with only 72 hours to spare, have himself measured, fitted and outfitted in a well-cut, hand-tailored suit of any material of his choice – and at prices that have echoed, like the proverbial shot, around the world? Versatile, style-conscious and imaginative, they not only keep up with the latest trends – but sometimes set the pace themselves. They are rated, for instance, among the world's best for mod clothing, and Carnaby Street professionals have marvelled at the way Hong Kong craftsmen have been able to cut the often-complex mod suits. Some tailors in the Colony have, in fact, come out with styles even zanier than anything ever flaunted by the mod set in Europe and the West.

Of course, not all Hong Kong's tailors come up to international standards. And, sometimes, something terrible can happen – even at some of the city's best establishments.

RECENTLY, JACK PERKINS, well-known American television personality, had a suit made in Hong Kong, which left him looking like some apparition from a silent-movie comedy. But the visitor, blessed with a lively sense of humour, had his own way of making his point. He arranged for an American colleague, Grant Wolfkill, to meet him at

By arrangement with The Asia Magazine, Hong Kong

the tailor's the next morning. When Perkins, in his ridiculously short-cut suit turned up, heads turned and there were a few sniggers.

"Where on earth did you get that suit?" Wolfkill, himself a fastidious dresser, asked with mock and studied shock.

"Right here," Perkins replied with just the right shade of rehearsed embarrassment.

As there were half a dozen tourists being fitted in the shop at the time, the manager soon had the two Americans in a private office and, after some soothing coffee and profuse apologies, had Perkins on his way with a pledge of a suit of his choice – for free.

THESE INCIDENTS, fortunately, are rare. Major complaints against Hong Kong tailors, which are taken seriously by most in the industry, are that unscrupulous operators use cheap lining and thread in suits of quality material. "The only solution to this," says one reputable craftsman, "is not to go to these fly-by-night shops."

The big names in general tailoring and custom-made suits are Harilela, Mohan and James S. Lee. The Big Three are big in the multi-million-dollar mail-order business too. Details of their operations – markets, organization, sales techniques – are closely guarded secrets. But it is known that Harilela's has an output of better than 5,000 suits a month (although some rivals say that the 10,000 mark is nearer the truth); Mohan's is credited with producing some 5,000 suits monthly too. James S. Lee, who, a decade ago was by far in the lead, now seems to have slipped into third place. Almost all three leaders get the bulk of their business from the lucrative, clothes-conscious American market – through mail order to the continental United States, tourists and the U.S. armed forces in this part of the world.

THERE ARE dozens of smaller establishments – Hallmark, Macbeth, Lane Crawford, Maiwoyang, Foo Shing – who work profitably with select groups of clients, producing quality clothing at reasonable prices. Then come the thousands of small-time operators, some excellent craftsmen, others – on the outer fringes of the industry – more confidence men than tailors.

Things have changed since the days when tailoring in Hong Kong catered to colonials, who in summer wore linen and white cotton, and changed over to flannel and serge when the weather got cooler. Styles in those days – some 20 years ago – remained monotonously static. After World War II men, eager to forget the drabness of uniforms, began seeking the new styles of the West. Shanghai tailors, acknowledged for decades to be among the world's best, arrived in Hong Kong in the vanguard of the flood of refugees from Communism and set up shop. The arrival of synthetics – byproducts of the war – gave an impetus to men's fashions. The tailoring business, cutting its teeth on the bustle of Hong Kong's free port, was well on its way.

TODAY, SOME OF THE establishments have grown wealthy enough to send their salesmen abroad – armed with measuring tape and notebook – to seek business. Others have opened branches around the world. Harilela's, for instance, has offices in Okinawa, Guam, Japan, South Vietnam, Bangkok, Frankfurt and Los Angeles. Says George Harilela: "We can custom-make anything."

What always makes it worthwhile for visitors to buy a suit in Hong Kong is the price. Says Frank McKinley, of the Colony's prestigious Lane Crawford, "Things are at least 25 percent dearer now than, say, four years ago. But our prices are still very much competitive and the end product worthwhile."

HOW MUCH for a Hong Kong-made suit? The answer is: you name your price and the tailors will provide a suit to match it. You can buy a ready-made suit for as little as US$10 from hawkers peddling their wares in the little streets and alleys of Wanchai, Mongkok and Kowloon city. In the colourful open-air bazaar on Hong Kong's Connaught Road waterfront, tailors will measure you for suits that cost even less. And if you don't mind the political colour of your clothes, the scores of Communist Chinese stores offer suits of good material, off the peg, for less than US$9. Prices are somewhat higher, however, at quality establishments. The average summer suit would go for about US$50. For the fastidious and the extravagant, prices can go as high as US$120 and more. "But you'll be getting good worsted mixed with cashmere of medium weight for this outlay," says Frank McKinley.

A US$50 suit is average, however, for the Hong Kong resident's pocket. **THE END**

The pursuit of America's foremost prisoner, James Earl Ray, alleged assassin of Dr Martin Luther King, cost US$ 1,250,000; another V.I.P. – Sirhan Sirhan is held under lavish protection at great cost!

America's Foremost V.I.P.s

By John Cottrell

SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN on Friday, July 19, last year, a white armour-plated lorry known as *The Tank* pulled up outside the Shelby county jail at Memphis, Tennessee, U.S.A. All around the jailhouse were sheriffs' deputies, steel-helmeted and armed with shotguns: on nearby rooftops police sharp-shooters were poised behind rifles.

As *The Tank* halted, two police officers with sub-machine guns climbed onto the roof and covered the crowd of onlookers outside the jail. High-powered spotlights were switched on from across the street – not to illuminate the scene but to blind the curious spectators.

The occasion was "Operation V.I.P." (Very Important Prisoner) – one of the tightest security clamp-downs ever staged for the benefit of one man. The prisoner: 40-year-old James Earl Ray, alias Sneyd, alleged assassin of Dr. Martin Luther King.

THE PURSUIT of this one suspect had involved the F.B.I. in expenditure of US$1,250,000 and deployment of 3,000 agents. In eight weeks the manhunt had spread from one continent to another as agents followed a confused trail from Tennessee to Georgia, California, Alabama, Mexico, Canada, Portugal and finally London.

Memphis city police were now determined that the biggest manhunt in history should not have been all in vain; above all, they were anxious that they should not blunder and be held up to world-wide ridicule like the Dallas police who allowed President Kennedy's alleged assassin to be shot down before millions of television viewers while still in their custody.

Under maximum security, Ray was flown from London to Memphis by a U.S. Air force jet. In *The Tank* he wore a bullet-proof vest. One pair of manacles clamped his hands together and ran between his legs. Another secured his feet.

Since then he has been held in a newly-painted, air-conditioned "suite" of cells linked by a corridor of bars known as the bull pen. His private prison comprises a bathroom, bedroom, dayroom and guards' room. Two closed circuit TV cameras cover his every move, including visits to the tiny lavatory. Two deputies are always on duty in his cells and the lights are switched on 24 hours a day. Quarter-inch thick steel plates have been welded to the windows – a safeguard against snipers. No outsiders are allowed inside except for his lawyers.

Security is equally tight for Ray's court appearances. When he was officially charged with the assassination in a courtroom two floors above his cell, reporters and spectators were paraded in front of closed-circuit TV cameras beforehand. Their faces were filmed and their voices recorded after all onlookers had been searched and issued with numbered

tags. No Jack Ruby avenger could possibly have got near Ray with a gun.

SIMILARLY, extreme security measures have been adopted in Los Angeles where they are holding America's other Very Important Prisoner: 24 year old Jordonian immigrant Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, alleged assassin of Robert F. Kennedy.

Under strict secrecy, Sirhan was moved last June from the county jail to an 8ft. by 6ft. windowless cell on the 13th floor of the Hall of Justice. Arrangements were made so that he would have to take only one step from his cell directly into the miniature fortress prepared as his courtroom.

Bullet-proof windows were installed in the courtroom, steel gates fixed along the corridors, air vents covered over. Since his arrest last June, Sirhan has never been left alone. A guard always stands watch at the bars of his cell, accompanies him to the washroom, looks on when he sees his lawyers.

No chances are taken with prisoner No. 718486. Dozens of threats against his life have been received, and the County Attorney's office has estimated the extra cost of protecting him at US$20,000.

IN A SENSE, Ray and Sirhan can count themselves fortunate. In all American history, the law has never before taken such infinite pains to preserve the life of alleged assassins and, moreover, ensure that they are given every opportunity to have a fair trial.

After assassinations in the past, the U.S. authorities themselves have sometimes been influenced by cries for vengeance. Assassins have been improperly tried, without time to prepare their defence, and within a few days of the crime when feeling against them was at its peak.

So far every man found guilty of an assassination in the United States has paid for the crime with his life – even though he may have been mentally unbalanced at the time. Vengeance rather than justice has often been the principal aim.

THE AUTHORITIES bungled in the pursuit of America's No. 1 assassin John Wilkes Booth, the famous actor who shot President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre, Washington. Contrary to orders, the soldiers failed to take him alive after trapping him in a tobacco farm.

Yet no action was taken against Sergeant Boston Corbett who claimed he had disobeyed orders and shot the assassin. Indeed, he received a 1,653-dollar share of the reward money.

Corbett, who became a lecturer as The Man Who Killed John Wilkes Booth, was mentally sick. Three years later he was so disgusted at being accosted by two prostitutes that he castrated himself. Finally, he went berserk, firing two revolvers at a political assembly and was certified insane.

BUT CRIES FOR VENGEANCE did not end with Booth's death. Eight people, charged with conspiracy, were denied their constitutional right to trial by jury and appeared before a nine-man military commission. They were chained and hideously hooded with heavy sacks throughout their imprisonment so that they could not speak to one another. Their defence was inadequately briefed.

Four of them were hanged, including Mrs. Mary Surratt who had kept a boarding house where Booth had held meetings. There was no real proof of her guilt, but she was the first woman to be hanged by the U.S. Government. The other four accused were sentenced to life imprisonment.

NO GREAT EFFORT was made to protect assassin No. 2, Charles Julius Guiteau, the disappointed office-seeker who shot President James Garfield at a railway station in 1881. He held daily Press conferences in Washington Jail, and he was so hated by his guards that they drew lots to decide who should shoot him through the cell window.

A soldier called Mason won the "honour", but his bullet narrowly missed the prisoner's head. Guiteau fell on his knees and screamed: "What are you doing? Do you want to kill me?"

Guiteau narrowly escaped again when a drunkard shot at him on his way to court. Pleading insanity, he then raved like a madman during the eleven-week trial. He interrupted witnesses, gave running commentaries on the trial, and once suggested the jury should be taken out for walks to help their digestion.

Both his brother and brother-in-law said they had considered him insane for a long time, and at the end of his address to the jury Guiteau sang the first line of "John Brown's Body" and recited the rest. But he was still found sane -

and guilty.

He went to the gallows watched by 250 people who paid black-market prices for seats. Before execution he brushed his hair, shined his shoes and, on the scaffold, spoke a prayer and recited a poem he had written.

Curiously, the only people in the past who have shown compassion towards assassins in America have been their intended victims.

PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY was shot at the 1901 Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo when offering to shake hands with his assassin. Eight guards fell on the killer as soon as he had fired, smashing him savagely with fists and rifle butts. The dying President cried out: "Be easy with him boys. Don't let them hurt him." But he was wasting his breath.

Leon F. Czolgozy, a factory worker of Polish descent, went on trial only four days after the President's funeral, when the tide of grief and hate swept most strongly across the nation. There could be only one verdict.

Under pressure, two elderly attorneys took his case only two days before the trial opened. They went into court without a shred of evidence in his favour. They called no witnesses, and there was never a serious investigation into the accused's uncertain medical history.

Czolgozy, a self-confessed Anarchist, was convicted after an eight-hour trial. He showed no emotion until he was dragged screaming to the electric chair. His last words were: "I'm not sorry for my crime."

After electrocution, his body was destroyed with sulphuric acid. The wrath of the nation had been served.

FOLLOWING THE KILLING of a third American President some states now made it a capital offence to shoot at or even threaten the Chief Executive.

Like McKinley, Presidential candidate Theodore "Teddy" Roosevelt pleaded with a vengeful mob not to injure a man who had shot him. It happened in 1912 when he was gunned down outside the Gilpatrick Hotel, Milwaukee, by Bavarian-born bartender John Nepomuk Schrank.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, who had once led the Rough Riders into battle, was a fanatical he-man who despised any sign of weakness. Too delicate as a child to mix with other boys, he had toughened himself by becoming a cowboy, a deputy sheriff hunting rustlers in the bad lands of Dakota, and then leader of the U.S. Volunteer Cavalry.

Now he stubbornly refused to allow one small bullet to interfere with his campaign for a third term as President. He went on to the City Auditorium to make his speech, and during it he dramatically threw open his waistcoat to reveal bright red bloodstains. "It will take more than a bullet to kill a Bull Moose," he shouted. And he went on talking for almost an hour.

Roosevelt was then rushed to hospital. An X-ray revealed that the bullet had penetrated four inches into the right breast, fracturing the fourth rib. Before entering the body, it had passed through a hundred thicknesses of white linen paper (his 50-page speech folded in two) and through his spectacle case. The speech and the case, checking and deflecting the bullet, had saved his life.

SCHRANK EXPLAINED that he had shot him because he had seen Roosevelt in his dreams as the assassin of McKinley; also he wanted to preserve the two-term tradition (since 1951 the Constitution has prevented anyone seeking a third term as President).

The would-be assassin spent the rest of his life in mental hospitals, never receiving a single letter or a visitor in more than 30 years. Roosevelt, who lost that election to Woodrow Wilson, died in 1919, taking Schrank's bullet with him to the grave.

If Schrank had succeeded in killing Roosevelt, he would surely have gone to the electric chair — sane or insane. For such was the fate of Giuseppe Zangara, the little (5ft. 1in.), Italian-born bricklayer who set out in February, 1933, to kill President-elect Franklin Delano Roosevelt — just because he had a stomach-ache.

THIS MENTALLY DERANGED labourer was always getting stomach-ache, though doctors could find nothing organically wrong with him. He blamed all capitalists for his pain. Men in power. Presidents. Kings. Premiers. Business tycoons. They should all be shot. Then his pain might go away.

In this state of mind, Zangara blazed away with a .32-calibre, five-chamber revolver when Roosevelt was appearing in Miami's Bayfront Park to make a speech. He missed the President-elect, but five other people stopped his bullets,

including Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago.

A policeman clubbed Zangara to his knees; Secret Servicemen piled on top of him. Bystanders punched and kicked him. His clothes were ripped from his body and the crowd screamed for a lynching.

Gnome-like Zangara fought back and shouted: "I kill all Presidents . . . all officers." Then he was dragged into a Secret Service car, where three policemen sat on his body as they drove out of the park.

Today, Zangara would be found hopelessly insane. But in 1933 no serious attempt was made to establish his mental condition. His own lawyers said they thought he was sane and the court decided he was guilty because he knew he was breaking the law.

WHEN JUDGE E.C. COLLINS sentenced him to 80 years' imprisonment, Zangara shouted: "Don't be stingy. Give me hundred years."

"Perhaps you'll get worse later," the Judge replied. And so it happened. Though the four other victims recovered, Mayor Cermak died two days after Roosevelt's inauguration. Before he died, Cermak told the President-elect: "I'm glad it was me instead of you" – and those words were inscribed on his memorial in Bayfront Park.

Charged with murder, Zangara was now sentenced to death. As the Judge announced the sentence, the Italian cried out: "You is a crook man, too."

At 9.15 a.m. on March 20th, little Giuseppe was taken into the death chamber at the State prison of Raiford, Florida. There were no petitions, no appeals. He was a stain on the American nation that had to be removed.

As he was led to the chair, Zangara pushed aside the outstretched hands of his guards and said: "I go myself. I no scared of electric chair." He seated himself in it; then he asked why there were no movie cameras to take his pictures.

"Lousy capitalists," he shouted. "No one here to take my picture. All capitalists, lousy bunch of crooks."

A black hood was placed over his head and Giuseppe muttered: "Goodbye – adios to all the world." His last defiant words were: "Go ahead, push the button."

ZANGARA was the last assassin to face capital punishment. In November, 1950, however, there was almost another when two Puerto Ricans tried to blast their way into Blair House, Washington, where President Truman was staying while the White House was being renovated. Their three-fold purpose: to kill the President, spark off a revolution in the United States, and win full independence for Puerto Rico.

Twenty-seven shots were fired in a three-minute gunfight outside Blair House. Oscar Collazo, handling a gun for the first time in his life, fired nine shots and missed completely with eight. One shot hit a policeman's right leg.

His companion, Griselio Torresola, fired eight shots and scored with seven before he himself was shot through the brain. Two guards were killed.

Collazo was charged with murder and sentenced to death. An appeal against the sentence was turned down, as was a request for a review of the case by the Supreme Court.

But one week before the electrocution date, and without receiving any plea for clemency, President Truman humanely commuted the sentence to life imprisonment. Like several Presidents before him, he had displayed compassion for the man who would have killed him.

WHAT NOW WILL BE the fate of Sirhan Sirhan and James Earl Ray?

Despite the world-shattering crimes of which they are accused, they can expect a greater degree of justice than nearly all the alleged assassins who have gone before them.

Ray has been able to secure the services of the most celebrated criminal case lawyer in the country: Percy Foreman, the "Perry Mason" of America who has acted for the defence in more than 1,000 murder cases and has seen only one of his clients go to the electric chair ("And that was because I was too ill to fight the case properly").

Known as the "Texas Tiger", multi-millionaire Foreman calls himself the Billy Graham of the legal profession. He charges up to 100,000 dollars in a murder trial and he handled the appeal of Jack Ruby who died in 1967 while awaiting a re-trial for shooting Lee Harvey Oswald.

SIRHAN, TOO, has enjoyed the services of a leading American defence lawyer, Russell E. Parsons, who agreed to take on his case without a fee. THE END

Even as my body started toward them in a natural reflex, I heard Brian's voice beside me, "What a quaint pair! Where do you think they are from, Kamala?" A swift glance up told me the direction of his gaze, and my steps froze.

KAMALA'S STORY

Fiction By Dina Mehta

SOMETIMES I STILL WANT TO CRY and wring my hands, but today I want to sing praises of the colour brown. I must: because I am brown and because there was a time when I was ashamed of being brown, and because I wished to disown my brown lineage.

My lineage evokes images of coffee which is brown, and of cardamom, which is like chips of brown bark, and of tamarind, whose green pods are burned brown by the sun; of dried coconuts which have brown husks, of palm trees which have lissom brown trunks, and of dazzling ochrous beaches, which at dusk turn brown against the pale breast of the sea.

I am a woman and my mother brought me up to be a dutiful wife, so I know that brown, ranging all the way from raw to burnt sienna, is the triumphant colour in the kitchen: true, lime-rice is more yellow than brown, but pickles, curries and *sambhar* are a rash, angry brown, *rasam* a muddy brown, and sweet *pongal* is jaggery-brown. And with Brian I went secretly to many restaurants and eating-places and, greatly daring, ate many forbidden foods, so I know that the successful omelette is a fiery brown, the perfect roast is flushed a tender, equable brown, cookies fresh from the oven are a crisp, fragrant golden-brown and tea is . . . tea-brown. To be at a table loaded with these things, with Brian holding my brown hand under it, was very heaven. (Oh Brian, Brian!)

Once I was eating a Kulu apple and he laughed at me across the table and said that the fruit with which Eve tempted her feeble-minded companion in the garden of Eden could not have been so red as russet.

"What is russet?" I asked. It was a new word for me, and I liked the sound of it, it made me think of a sunset sky — for no reason.

"A kind of reddish-brown," said Brian. "The colour of your apple."

"Oh!" I stole a quick glance, not at the apple, but at his burning hair.

"Grievously did Eve have to pay for her mistake," Brian went on, and I knew that he was not serious. He and his people have this brave forgetfulness of human conditions and appointed destinies, which is called gaiety. I admire this very much, though I cannot emulate it, perhaps because I come from a very old race and our memories, vague, painful, with dim intimations of endless quests for objects ever fleeing desire, haunt our minds with a peculiar insistence. That is why our sweetest songs are sad. That is why the epic of Rama does not end with his happy return to Ayodhya, but a supplement had to be added to describe the fate of Sita and give the poem a sad ending.

But Brian was saying, "Eve lived to rue her mistake, for ever since he took a bite of that apple, man's happiness depends on his dinner."

I NODDED SAGELY. So long as men must eat, women must cook. And brown,

as I have already indicated, is the victory colour of the conscientious cook. My mother is such a cook. How lovingly she prepares the food for us, squatting on her haunches the whole morning before the low *sigri* in the dark, soot-coated kitchen, her hands tireless, caring, faithful. (Mother, forgive me!)

Why is it easier to forgive others, or to ask their forgiveness, than to forgive yourself, even when you are most in need of the alms of your own kindness? Is everyone in the world grievously ill because of their limited self-tolerance? But I'll not think about that now. Today is Saturday, so I'll remember that on Saturdays, when we were allowed the afternoon off, I would hurry out of the back entrance of our office building ahead of the other girls, walk down the secluded alley that ran parallel to it, and wait for Brian under a solitary laburnum tree. It was not he who insisted on this secrecy, but I. In an agony of impatience I waited till his blue Impala turned into the lane, then stopped for me, purring like a cat. In almost angry silence I would climb in beside him, and not till we had left the city streets far behind could I relax at his side.

We would drive right out into the country and I saw with my own enchanted eyes what I already knew, that brown is the colour of the earth, implicit with life, at once drab and dazzling in shade and sun, heaving up trees, spewing flowers, sprouting corn, bruised and ribbed and convoluted in the ploughed fields — and appreciate anew the vision of the poets who said that Sita was born of a field furrow.

We would park the car near one of the lakes on the fringe of the city, walk down little pathways which were like tan strips of leather copiously stitched with green, and sit on the drowsy grass. I would always sit straight and apart from him and would try to talk inanities and office talk, because he was my "boss", till without warning he would pull me to him, roughly, and stop my foolish chattering mouth with a kiss. And I wanted to give him everything, everything, because I am a woman and never have I been more woman than when his cruel lips came down hard on mine and I wanted to cut out my heart and give it to him, a live singing heart, all palpitating and warm as a bird, a *koel*. But always he knew me better than I knew myself, he knew my deep, wordless longing for an impossible purity, an overwhelming desire of instinct, blood and pride, which had nothing to do with being chaste, modest or virtuous, but a desire that was itself an exaltation. And so, though I could have refused him nothing, it was always Brian who drew away from me, sometimes gently, making a little joke, laughing on a low, hoarse note, sometimes roughly, pushing me away in anger, watching me with rigid, burning eyes while somewhere among the trees an ambushed bird seemed to chide us with its mournful, reiterated notes.

I REMEMBER ASKING BRIAN all the witless questions that a woman in love asks of the man who loves her: how, where, why, when did you first know? And though his rectitude bristled against the pressure of these questions, he answered most of them. I have hip-length, shining hair, really dark — it amused Brian to think that Mark Twain would have dubbed it "saddle-coloured" — and my skin is dark as the honey made by bees who feed on *jambhul* flowers, but Brian first fell in love with my brown eyes. He liked to say that they were the truest, most honest eyes in the world, that Scarlett O'Hara with brown eyes was inconceivable, and that though brown was a colour as intoxicating as ale, it was without the complexity and menace of green. To prove his point he showed me how Van Gogh used greens and reds to express the terrible passions of humanity; and how brown, which in painting attains grave spatial rhythms, could never lend itself to such a purpose.

When Brian used words like "honest" and "true" I was perturbed, for in those days I was neither: I felt like a sneak, furtive. Always the feeling of stealth was upon me when I met him by appointment. I came to him feeling on edge, angry with myself, raw, afraid, and in a curious way, shamed. How I hated to be wary, watchful, attentive to discretion all the time! How I hated the necessity for concealment!

"How late they keep you at that office," my aunt Girija would say plaintively almost every evening as I came in with my face burning with the memory of his caresses. And while she grumbled and scolded I would turn away from her brusquely, and in secret pass my hand over my face and neck and breasts, closing my eyes in sheer delight, relishing again the contact of those gentle, urgent hands, that quiet, insistent mouth. My aunt would invariably end her tirade with, "Even your food is cold now! Let me warm it again for you."

"Let it be!" I would say sharply. I had no patience with my aunt. Her heavy martyred face irked me. "I don't want it. I'm not hungry." A capricious and infantile rebelliousness seized hold of me the moment I stepped into the house. I wanted to snap at everyone. I wanted to disagree with everyone. I wanted to stop thinking. I wanted to cry.

"Why have you no appetite?" My aunt suffered from rheumatism, and held her body from the waist upward in a kind of twisted slant, and her head went nod-nod as she peered at me with eyes like round old gems. "You must eat! Like a cow in the days of famine you look, with bones sticking out of your flesh. What answer will I make to your parents, girl?" Her head trembled. "I think I will write to your mother –"

"Oh all right! I will eat!"

I WAS ALWAYS IN A PANIC that the faintest breath of scandal should reach my parents in our ancestral home in a little village outside Trichur where, after my father's retirement on a meagre pension from the Bombay G.P.O., they had been enticed by rustic whispers of health and peace. Here my mother, who believed that her failure to bear a son was just retribution for sins she must have committed in a past life, kept her vigils and her fasts: for only through penance can the soul be absolved from ancient sins and acquire enough merit to enjoy a more fruitful existence in the next birth. And here my father meditated on his *atma* and strove to become simple, serene and God-centred. Early I had rebelled against the monotonous uniformity of this pastoral existence, its immunity from new ideas; and, strangely enough, the snapping of apron-strings had caused little consternation in the family, for when I graduated from the Bombay University, secured the job I had coveted and insisted on staying on in the city with my aunt, no valid objections were raised. So it happened that while my father worked in undisturbed tranquillity to identify himself with a resplendent white (to strip, bare, shed and travel light) I was reaching out greedily for a multiplicity of colours, experiences, desires . . . . and such opaque encrustration of the soul.

I was wildly happy in those days, in spite of the deception, in spite of living suspended in a void between the person I had been before I met Brian, and the crystallisation I was awaiting because I had met him. I dared to be happy in spite of pricking anxieties, in spite of a recurrent dream, in which as soon as I entered the reception-room where I worked with four other secretaries behind an enormous counter of grey-painted metal, all smiles froze at my approach, all eyes went blank or lit up self-consciously for the benefit of someone in the far corner of the room, or just behind me, or just short of me, as if I myself did not exist at all. And this negation, this denial of self, this no-being, was greater agony to bear than the sudden, savage, deafening clatter of type-writer keys that rose all round me. Always in my dream I sought to flee the tumult of scorn and malice and staccato snickering by rushing into Brian's cabin, but the chair behind his desk was empty, and as I stood there in a rigid shell of black fear, gusts of cruel laughter pursued me into the room.

I WILL SAY IT AGAIN, I was wildly happy in my wild-flower love, which sprang up without any protective ring of decorum to nurture it. And yet . . . at times my heart misgave me, without warning, and I had the sense of unease one might feel if one had to swim across a sudden unimaginable depth. It was nothing I could put into exact words, though I knew it had something to do with Brian being a foreigner. Yes, he was foreign to our ways and our land, but he was a man of grace, intellect and rare perception, and I had never heard condescension in his voice. Even so, after I came to know him, certain things which I had not noticed before made me self-conscious. Sometimes I felt an exquisite tenderness for my people; sometimes I was angry with them. Sometimes I saw things in their native colour as being right and natural, sometimes I seemed to don green glasses and because I viewed these same things with a stranger's critical eye and excluded them from my heart, I was ashamed of them.

Seen through the green spectacles our homes seemed bare and unadorned, our choice of colours garish and harsh, our ignorance abysmal, our poverty abject; our eating habits shocking – like when we ate a mango with the juice running down our fingers and hand almost to the elbow; our temples too ornate, crowded and dirty; our marriage celebrations (I attended one just after I fell in love with Brian) noisy, vulgar, tedious affairs. The English accent of my people sounded to my offended ears loud and pungent with the smacking emphasis we brought to words

like "besst" and the meticulous scoring of t's in words like "sweett", and our "yin case" and the "yin fact" . . . . All these things and many others besides, made me shrivel up inside me and I wanted to run and shut myself in a room or a tomb where there was darkness or secrecy, so that I could escape from myself. And yet once the green spectacles were removed, once judgment was suspended and I looked to love for an estimate of all things, all imperfections, all inferiority, all barriers disappeared. What remained was the simple fact that I loved this stranger, thereby making him me, and me him, his people my people, and my people his, for is it not the nature of love to include and appropriate all things in one's own conscious domain?

IT WAS ON A GREY, muted evening that Brian asked me to marry him. We sat in his car and he told me that his contract with his firm in India would come to an end in three months, and that when he returned to the States at the end of that period, he wanted me to go with him as his wife.

I gazed at him in confusion, a burst of joy in my head like fireworks, but behind the lovely rain of stars and colours I seemed to be crossing and recrossing roads that led to nowhere, I soared up to break my wings against sky-scrapers. And I was terrified of a strange, red-headed woman who perhaps only meant to be kind, just as I was terrified of all the privileges, all the dollars that could buy anything, all the gadgets and inventions, all the cocktail parties and the rapid-fire jokes, all the surpluses and the fearful avalanche of progress, all the movies where the cowboys killed the Indians and the black rejected faces on the fringe of things, all the fierce, youthful idealism and the openheartedness.

WHILE THESE THOUGHTS went round and round my head like a bull tied to a *ghani**, Brian waited patiently for my answer. And because my joy was immeasurably greater than my confusion, I said "yes". After a few moments we tried to be sensible, and make plans, and he said we should immediately inform my parents and offered to go down south to meet them himself. But I persuaded him that that would scare them out of their wits, and that *I* would write to them. Then I felt I couldn't possibly *write* such tidings, that I would have to go to them myself. We arrived at this decision only to reverse it, because one of the secretaries at the office was on leave, and the time was not right for me to absent myself: so it was agreed that I should ask my parents to come down to Bombay. "Write to them tonight," said Brian. "Ask them to fly over."

"Fly! But they've never sat in a plane before!"

He grinned. "There's always a first time for everything."

I was silent. I did not like to say to him that the nearest airport of Cochin was miles away from our village, or that the price of the two plane tickets would seriously deplete my savings.

I wrote to my parents. My father wrote back in an idyllic mood that they were very peaceful where they were, and saw no cause or occasion to take the expensive trip to Bombay. I replied, somewhat incoherently, that I hadn't seen them over a year and that there was much of grave import that I wished to discuss with them. There was a silence of five days in which I planned feverishly what I would say to my father – how he would escape the haggling of sums to be spent on the wedding and the avarice of fathers with marriageable sons who demanded exorbitant dowries, how I would escape the tyranny of a mother-in-law and immolation in a kitchen . . . . anything, to disguise the inflexibility of my resolve to marry this man. My father at last wired that they would come, and I wired the money.

On the day of their arrival in Bombay I awoke with a strange sense of fate: as though that was fully begun which was already resolved and could have but one ending. I spent the morning in listless, desultory occupations (I had taken the day off from work), and there was an aura of momentousness about that afternoon as I set off for the Santa Cruz airport.

THE AIRPORT WAS UGLY in the high dazzle of the day. The harsh light seemed to pick out all the uninspired solidity, all the hybrid modernity, all the fatuous cliche's – the impotent fountains, the cheap marble facades, the decorative louvers, the ornamental lotus-flowers, the painted architraves – of a building that was nondescript enough to have served as anything from a railway station to a hotel to a house of commerce. This same raw light picked out the crowds (the senseless spawn-

**ghani*: an oil-press worked by a bullock circling round it.

ing and breeding and new mouths to feed every year), the spectators there for a *darshan* of the great steel birds, the slack, shuffling walks in *chappals*, the coming and going, greetings and farewells, the blaring, inaudible microphones, the garlands and immobilised groups hypnotised by the cameraman, the leaky taps, wet floors and bleary mirrors in the Ladies' Toilet, the smart air-hostesses divided in the middle where the blouses met the skirts, the slim saried beauties and the saried monstrosities with hips like water-melons!

I caught myself up with a start. Why had I donned my green spectacles today? Again I had a heavy sense of fate, as though my whole life would now be different, as a consequence of some implacable thing that was about to happen to me.

Distraught, I wandered into the cafeteria, with its pink pillars and ceiling of grey, sagging blotting-paper, where I had a cup of coffee so strong that it empurpled the walls of my cup. At a table behind me sat a Gujerati family, a fat widow whose white, borderless sari declared her widowhood ostensibly in every fold — it spoke of sanctity, deprivation, joys renounced — and her brood of two, a plain girl with long plaits and a younger boy with oiled, spiky hair and stick-out ears. She seemed to be scolding them in a monotone, which rose to a shriek when the boy knocked over a glass of Coca-Cola, and I turned round in time to see a long brown tongue streak into her lap.

IT WAS STILL EARLY for my plane, but I wandered out of the cafeteria, down the flight of stairs to the ground floor, where I paused before a show-case displaying a hand-bag and a pair of sandals made from "genuine snake-skin." And because time itself seemed to be oddly split and uncertain that day, moving at once intolerantly slow and with terrifying speed, I forced myself to stand there and stare at the unattractive objects. And I recalled the only occasion on which I had seen a live snake, gliding on a thick carpet of fallen leaves in our garden, so elegant in its fluid, undulating lines, so coldly royal and dangerous that thin spikes of ice had slithered down my spine; so fleet and gleaming and haughty that I had stood there, fearful and mutely worshipping. Then I heard a shout and saw our neighbour, Venkateshan, bring a rock crashing down on its head, and there was a terrible impure writhing and lashing and quivering in the sun and I had cried out in protest.

The glass of the window-panes shone back palely at me as the minutes ticked away, and I roused myself, feeling the present slip out of my hands, feeling utterly helpless. What should I do now? I decided to check the plane timings at the counter. I turned, and my heart gave a crazy lurch because it was Brian who was striding purposefully towards me.

KAMALA!" he had reached me in two long strides. "I was wondering if you had arrived. Your plane came in twenty minutes early, you don't know?" I shook my head mutely, and for some reason little snakes crawled in the pit of my stomach, and my eyes asked him a question. "I have to catch a plane to Delhi almost immediately — the call came in this morning. Something's gone wrong with one of our computers, and I might have to hang out there for a couple of days. I tried to reach you at home but you had left —" He broke off and he must have read something in my face, for when he spoke again his voice was so gentle that it brought a sting of tears to my eyes. "Come, I have a few minutes, we better look for your parents together —"

As always, after that first great leap my heart had turned shy, so again I nodded dumbly, and as we walked together he gave my hand a reassuring squeeze and said he would write to me from Delhi.

We entered the many-pillared hall where a sprinkling of people were waiting to greet their friends or take off in their planes, and as we walked half-way up the room I saw them at once, standing together rather forlornly before a poster announcing the delights of a visit to Matheran, the "gem of Maharashtra": my mother dressed in all her finery, her sari a violent peacock green, two heavy gold chains round her neck, her wispy hair pulled straight back into one thin plait, a preposterous nose ring gleaming in her nose; and my father (who is 15 years older than her) pot-bellied, in flopping, ill-fitting trousers and a sagging khaddur jacket which reached almost to his knees, clutching a dilapidated bag at his side.

Even as my body started towards them in a natural reflex, I heard Brian's voice beside me, "What a quaint pair! Where do you think they are from, Kamala?" A swift glance up told me the direction of his gaze, and my steps froze.

Then my chest and head began to knock so clamourously that I heard only fragments of his remote voice, ". . . . have just announced my plane, so I really must leave you . . . . wait to break the news to them, they are not here, are they?"

With an aching throat and sudden determination I said, in a flat voice, "No, I don't see them anywhere. Perhaps they missed the plane. You better go."

For a moment they were hidden from sight by the ebb and flow of people, but the brilliant green sari was a constant betrayal, and now again they were in full view. And because I was sure they hadn't seen me, because I had detected the stony core of insult wrapped up tightly inside the amused tolerance of his voice, and because I was so desperate, I turned my back on them. But I could not look into Brian's face as he said again "I must go, Kamala." From the corner of my eye I saw my father's start of recognition and the beaming gap-toothed smile that broke over his face, and there was a swift flash of green and my mother ran up to me with a little shriek of "Kamala!" and enfolded me in her arms.

I DID NOT STRUGGLE. I did not move. I was completely shackled, completely numb. As I stood there, petrified in her embrace, I was aware of Brian's astounded eye on me and thus became aware, fully, of what I had done, realising at the same time that he would never understand why I had done it. I was also aware that my mother was saying something, loudly and rapidly in Malayalam, with her mouth close to my ear, that the tortoise-shell frames of my father's thick glasses were held together by a clever deployment of scotch tape and twine, and that somewhere within me was a dull pain which would soon burst into an acute spasm and I feared it as one might fear an attack from a wild beast. These several kinds of awareness came over me with terrible speed and impaled me in the slowness of a dream, so that a kind of shadow and stillness came over the scene and my imprisonment, my father's enlarged gaze and Brian's incredulous one seemed to last interminably. But it was, after all, only a moment, and before I could tear myself out of my hesitation my mother had released me, Brian had murmured something about his plane, turned, and walked out of my life, for I have not seen him again.

In the agonising days that followed I do not know if it was my need for absolution, or the unspoken questions and terrible anxiety on his face that made me often go up to my father, intent on a full confession. Perhaps he could have brought my deed into line with some sort of order, offered some explanation as a counterpoise to my bewilderment, some consolation to my dull, aching, dazed sensibility. But this new and painful discovery about myself had induced in me a sort of paralysis, and I never told him. Violently I desired a penance, to exorcize the contempt I felt for myself. By the time Brian returned from Delhi (he was delayed there a week, during which he sent me three letters, but I did not open them) I had resigned my job and set off with my parents for our village home.

Now that I have regained a measure of peace and no longer deny, evade and run from certain aspects of me, I wish I could tell Brian that brown is also the colour of thought. Of mellow thought, not revolutionary thought, which is rancorous and red; of sober thoughts, healing thoughts, not desires, which are scarlet. Not the thoughts of youth, extravagant, hurried, but of thoughts that sail dim and great through the head. Brown is the colour of acceptance, of moods and memories recollected in tranquillity and distilled on paper.

THE END

Next Month:

A short story by the Nobel Prize Winner

Yasunari Kawabata

The Moon on the Water

Dominating the best seller lists of America ever since it was published five months ago, the novel that begins on this page surpasses the author's memorable "Executive Suite". This is the story of a crumbling marriage, of savage office politics and lost goals; the story of a businessman in his mid-forties, trying to survive

THE HURRICANE YEARS

a novel by Cameron Hawley

FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE – a span that was, at this moment, far more uncertain than he could possibly have realised – all that was about to happen would be instantly recallable.

The time was 7:10 P.M., established by a glance at the toll-booth clock as he came off the Pennsylvania Turnpike. With an hour and 20 minutes to drive the 42 miles to New Ulster, he expected to reach Mr Crouch's house with the proofs of the stockholders' report before 8:30.

He was noticeably tired, but no more so than he had often been after two days in New York, and he had no consciousness of being under unusual stress. True, he was behind schedule on the sales convention – only five weeks to go and most of the script yet to be written – but from here on there would be no more lost evenings, no more bon voyage parties for Kay. All that had ended with the bash in her stateroom this morning, a champagne and caviar crush from which the sailing whistle had finally rescued him, freeing him to get back to the advertising agency for a show-down session on a new art director. It had been a rough battle, but he had finally won a promise that a new man would be assigned to the Crouch Carpet account, a man capable of helping to design stage settings for the convention.

Now, as he came off the turnpike, rain spattered the windshield. There was an amber light at the state highway, and he made a whipping turn before it changed to red. The big envelope of printer's proofs slid off the seat beside him, an oblique reminder of all that would have to be done if the stockholders' report was to be mailed on Tuesday. The printer was holding the forms on the press waiting for a final OK . . . if Mr Crouch cleared it tonight. . . .

THERE WAS NO WARNING, no foretelling symptom, no premonition of disaster. The pain struck not as a blow but as a revealed presence, instantly full-blown, unwavering, unrelenting. Despite its stunning intensity, there was no veiling of consciousness, no diminution of any faculty. His senses were, in fact, noticeably sharpened. He turned off the highway into a diner's paved lot, quickly stopping the car, hoping for relief as he squared his shoulders and arched his back. He took a deep breath. The pain was still there, fixed and unchanging.

There were three steps up to the entrance

of the diner. The door was a sliding one, and when he reached out to pull it open he realised that he was perspiring heavily. He staggered into the diner. It seemed very hot. He felt soaked through. He tried to catch the attention of the waitress. She was talking to three men at the counter, saw him, but made no move to come.

He would later maintain that he did not, at this time, suspect the seriousness of his state, but that would conflict with the admission that he tried to telephone someone. He would not, however, be able to remember whom he intended to call. Nevertheless, there was the positive memory of having walked the half length of the diner to the telephone booth, of discovering that he had no coins. At this point he fell. There was, almost certainly, a momentary loss of consciousness, but his memory was of an unbroken awareness, a feeling not of collapse but of a slow-motion downward drifting, his body limp and formless, a damp rag draped over an unyielding rock. The rock was the pain in his chest.

HE HEARD muttered exclamations, and he could see, from the floor, the legs of men sitting at the counter. A pair of feet moved towards him, stepping around his head as if avoiding a puddle of filth. With great effort he said – or thought he said – that he had to make a telephone call. The feet went out the door. But the rock was on top of him, crushing him, making his second attempt to speak even more difficult. There was a snorting laugh, a man's voice saying, "Yeah, call your buddies in A.A., huh?"

He heard the waitress say, "Geez, we've had more than our share of 'em lately."

For an instant he thought she would help him, a hope lost when he heard her say, "Mister, you gotta get outa here. We can't be having nothing like this."

"Call" – he began – but he couldn't remember whom he had meant to telephone.

"I can't make no call, mister," the waitress said. "It's a pay phone. You got to have a dime."

He tried to sit up, heaving against the weight of the rock, recalling that he had been trying to get change, that there was a dollar bill in his hand. But the girl was opening the door, calling to someone outside, her voice rising to a scream.

Footsteps were coming in. "OK, miss, take it easy."

He looked up at a questioning face, shadowed by a state trooper's wide-brimmed hat. With all the strength he could muster he said, "I'm not drunk," trying to hurl the words upward.

"OK, mister, take it easy." The trooper was strangely comforting. "You ever had any heart trouble?"

He shook his head. Your heart was on the left side. That was not where the pain was; the pain was in the centre of his chest. But the will to argue faded.

"OK, mister, we're going to give you a whiff of oxygen." The mask came down, covering his mouth.

HE WAS in an ambulance. A white-coated man sat beside him, speaking English with an East Indian accent. Something was jabbed into his arm. He felt detached, as if his mind had been freed from his body, a feeling so strong that he wondered if it was a phenomenon of death.

"The pain is less severe?" the strange voice asked. "Please, do not speak – only nod."

He nodded, wondering how he could speak even if he wanted to, the oxygen mask covering his mouth.

"I wish now to check the information I was given by the police officer," the voice said. "It is for the admission record."

Turning his eyes, he saw a pair of dark-skinned hands, an aluminium clipboard, a poised ballpoint pen.

"You are Mr Wilder – Mr Judd Wilder?"

He nodded again, seeing his driver's licence was under the clip.

"Your home address – it is 1226 Vixen Lane, New Ulster, Pennsylvania?"

He started to reach for the mask. The brown hand restrained him. "You will please not speak, Mr Wilder. I will read to you. You are" – he was reading from an identification card now – "director, advertising and promotion . . . Crouch Carpet Company. Person to be notified – ah, yes, your wife."

Judd lifted the mask. "You can't call her. She just sailed ——"

Brown fingers shot out, forcing the mask back. "Please, sir, in your own interest. Everything will be taken care of in the proper way."

He was hearing Kay's voice as he had heard it in the crowded passageway outside her stateroom – "Now take care of yourself, Judd" . . . remembering the cliché, lost then in the roar

of the ship's foghorn blast.

"Yes, everything is in order. It is only your age we do not have."

Lifting the mask, Judd said, "Forty-four," expecting protest, but hearing only a grateful murmur. Silence made him suddenly aware, as he had not been before, that a siren was wailing over his head.

"Ah, here we are," the white-coated man said. "This is County Memorial Hospital, Mr Wilder."

DR AARON KHARR typed the last words of the sentence, and picked up the ringing telephone. He had hoped for an undisturbed evening. If his book was to be finished by September, he had to complete a chapter every 19 days.

"Dr Raggi wants you in Emergency," the operator said.

Standing, lifting his white coat from the back of the chair, Dr Kharr read again his last paragraph:

Confronted with the businessman patient in his middle forties, the discerning physician recognises that this is often a period of peak stress, a time when the forces of long-building tension swirl up into an emotional hurricane that is the common causation of a wide range of psychosomatic and psychogenic disorders.

County Memorial Hospital, only three miles from a Pennsylvania Turnpike interchange, was the focal point for maimed bodies dragged in from a 17-mile span. This was one of the drawbacks that Dr Kharr had missed on that day, 11 months ago, when he had come down from New York to be interviewed for a staff position.

He expected something more rewarding than he had during his two years with the Allison Clinic, or in his prior situation as chief of the Cardiovascular Section of the Berringer Research Institute. Two weeks before, he had seen the advertisement:

"A small but completely modern community hospital, in a beautiful rural section of Pennsylvania" was looking for "a fully accredited internist to serve as consultant to a staff of general practitioners." What had made the opening seem shaped to his own special need had been the concluding sentence: "Unusual opportunity for internist desiring a light enough work load to permit research and writing."

THE YOUNG RESIDENT, Dr Raggi, was waiting for Kharr at the door of Emergency, characteristically sombre. Kharr glanced at the admission card. Male . . . white . . . 44 . . . Director of Advertising and Promotion . . . Crouch Carpet Company . . .

"Here, sir," Raggi said, leading the way, opening doors. The patient was flat out on the examining table, an oxygen mask on his face, electrocardiograph leads connected, a nurse standing by with the EKG tape looped in her hand. Aaron Kharr curbed a flash of temper. He had failed to impress upon Raggi the traumatic effect of hitting a patient with evidence that he had suffered a heart attack. Inquiring eyes watched him over the top of the oxygen mask, and he responded with a confident smile. "I'm Dr Kharr," he said, taking out his stethoscope. "Let's see what's going on in this belly of yours."

He opened the shirt wider, starting low on the abdomen, sustaining the pretence that the heart was not his prime concern. With a half-dozen quick moves of the stethoscope bell, he worked up towards the chest area.

Then he glanced at the admission card to pick up the patient's name. "Mr Wilder, I think we'll relieve you of this nuisance," and he lifted the oxygen mask.

At once Judd Wilder burst out with, "I knew it wasn't my heart!"

THE OUTBURST startled Aaron Kharr. He had assumed that the patient had to be lifted out of the depressed state commonly associated with coronary occlusion — that was why he had removed the oxygen mask. But the problem here was of a different order. No coronary patient was harder to rehabilitate than the man who, ostrichlike, refused to believe that he has really had a heart attack.

"Just this damn belly of mine," the patient said, explosively insistent. He winced sharply.

"Still feeling some pain, are you?" Kharr asked, noting from the card that Raggi had already given morphine. "How long ago did this start, Mr Wilder?"

"Ten after seven." It was the reply of a man who lived by the clock, a significant indicator of the pre-coronary syndrome. "Be all right in a minute or two." He tried to prove it by starting to sit up.

Aaron Kharr restrained him with a hand on his shoulder, and gave Dr Raggi a signal. They

stepped out of the room. "Did you give him heparin?" Dr Kharr asked.

"No. sir." Raggi said.

"I'd suggest a hundred milligrams at once." Kharr looked at the admission card. "New Ulster – how far away is that?"

"Miss Pearson says about forty miles, sir."

"We'll have to notify someone," Kharr said, turning to re-enter the examining room. The nurse still had the electrocardiograph tape in her hand. He reached for it.

The patient said, "You still think it's my heart, don't you?"

"It would be dangerous to assume that it's not," Kharr said firmly. "I suggest, Mr Wilder, that you let us put you to bed." Watching the patient's reaction, he saw his eyes narrow.

"What about my car?"

"Don't worry about your car, Mr Wilder. We'll see that it's taken care of."

"Not worrying – about the car," the patient said, speaking in short bursts as if fearful of taking a deep breath. "There are page proofs . . . front seat . . . stockholders' report. Somebody'll have to . . . come here for them. Will you . . . call Mr Crouch?"

"He's the president of your company, I take it."

"Yes . . . Matthew R Crouch . . . New Ulster. Call his home. Just tell him . . . have someone . . . pick up the proofs."

HERE WAS a significant revelation of job obsession. There was no more certain evidence of a stress-induced coronary than the patient who, at this critical juncture, thought not of himself but of his work.

"Tell him . . . call the printer. They're holding the press . . . waiting for an OK."

"How about calling your wife?"

"You can't. She sailed today for Europe."

"All right. Get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow morning we'll be able to tell a lot more."

"But I have to get out of here before noon! Got a big convention coming up . . . only five weeks ——" The patient's voice was choked off by a spasm of pain.

Aaron Kharr stared down at the contorted face. This was no unique case. In the research studies he had accumulated at the Berringer Institute, there were a hundred reports on men who had been driven to a coronary by single-minded obsession with a business enterprise, men who were deaf to any warning, madly bent on sacrificing themselves for a purpose that none of them could define. How could any cardiologist fail to see what was so undeniably true? Sippleton must have seen a thousand cases like this . . .

Anger flushed his face as he recalled the echo of Dr Sippleton's voice, dismissing his Atlantic City paper: *"If I correctly interpret Dr Kharr's imaginative little hypothesis about stress and coronary occlusion, he would have us all turn over our practices to the psychiatrists"* . . . and then that wave of laughter from the audience. It was the worst defeat he had ever suffered, beaten down again by the tight-ranked cardiologists who would go on proudly chalking up a statistical "recovery" for every patient who became ambulatory, unmindful of the thousands they had turned into heart-fearing neurotics, or of those so confident that they invited a second attack.

The patient asked, "You'll call Mr Crouch?"

"Yes, I'll phone right away," Kharr said.

OVER THE YEARS Matthew R Crouch had learned how to maintain a dignified self-restraint appropriate to his position as the president of Crouch Carpet Company. But this was his home, not his office, and he clumped down the telephone receiver, glaring at his wife. "Judd Wilder's had a heart attack. What on earth are we doing to these men? Sam Harrod . . . Mac . . . now Judd. If we lose him, too ——"

"Now listen, Matt," Emily commanded, "it's not your fault. And Judd's not dead. Where is he?"

"Way up above Marathon. Some little county hospital. Just before you get to the turnpike."

"Why don't you call Howard Robbins? He used to be president of the medical association, he could tell you something about this hospital ——"

Matt Crouch wheeled to the telephone, snatching up the directory. He felt suddenly staggered. The *convention!* This was the first of April . . . only five weeks . . . Judd would be out of action for at least two months.

Behind him he heard Emily murmur, "I just can't get over how awful this will be for Kay when she hears about it."

THIS WAS NOT the first time Kay Wilder had been a passenger on the S.S. *Bretagne.* Twenty-six years ago, Miss Jessica

had hurried her aboard at Le Havre, a 20-year-old girl, sent back to the States to escape a France threatened by war. Now, just past her 46th birthday, she was returning to Paris with the feeling of forced escape. But what she was running away from was too unnameable to be acknowledged.

SHE MIGHT have taken a plane, but this way she would have six days of escape, completely cut off from Judd and Crouch Carpet and New Ulster, not yet called upon to face Miss Jessica and Paris and Rolfe. Yes, most of all her son Rolfe. She could admit now that it was because of her son that she was making this trip. The idea had come, not from the reminder in, Rolfe's letter that April 9th would be Miss Jessica's 74th biithday, but from that veiled threat in Rolfe's last paragraph. She had written both Rolfe and Miss Jessica that same night, weighing every word, knowing that all would be lost if Rolfe thought she might try to influence his private plans. Now she could rest, forgetting what she had left behind in New Ulster, or what lay ahead in Paris, or the tragic year of her father's death.

She had been nine years old that spring, old enough to remember Hill House, the Cannon's family home during July and August, outside Philadelphia. For several summers she had been sent to Hill House to stay with her grandfather. She had returned once, after he died, because her father had lost his inheritance in a blue-sky stock scheme, and had to send his wife and child back to Hill House to put a roof over their heads.

Her recollection of those next few weeks remained vague, except for being awakened one morning in the dawn-light by her mother's screams. Her father, they told her, had accidentally discharged a gun that he had been cleaning, a falsehood that insulted her nine-year-old intelligence. The sordid truth she had finally learned when her aunt, blunt-speaking Miss Jessica, appeared.

"You'll go back to France with me," Miss Jessica had ordained. "You're the only Cannon left who might be worth saving."

ON THE BOAT, seasick that first night out, she had moaned, "Oh, Aunt Jessica!" Instantly, she had been corrected. "Never call me that. You'll address me as Miss Jessica. That's what I am called by everyone, everywhere." And it was true. She was universally Miss Jessica after they got to Paris – to the servants, to the gendarme on the corner, to all of the diplomats who came to that house hidden away around the corner from Rue de Henri Martin.

When the war had forced a return to the United States, Miss Jessica had brought Kay to Philadelphia, reopening the family home on Walnut Street. Kay suspected that she was being established in a city where, as a Cannon, she could reclaim her social birthright.

That next summer she picked off the prize of all vacation jobs: personal assistant to Nellie Potter Tyler at her Orangerie summer theatre. There she discovered Judd Wilder, the famous theatrical director. There had been no objection from Miss Jessica, only a caution: "Be certain, Kay, that you're in love with the man he really is, not the man you're so sure you can make of him."

IN THE MORNING, Judd Wilder was trying to break through the misty barrier that separated him from full consciousness.

"Take it easy," the white-coated man said. "In case you've forgotten, I'm Doctor Kharr."

It all came back, in a torrent of memory. "I guess I'm a little fuzzy."

"We've been giving you sedatives to keep you asleep. This is Miss Harsch who'll be with you today." Judd saw the nurse, her broad-hipped figure, iron-girdled. "And Mary Welch, who was with you last night."

"You didn't send any message . . . the ship . . . my wife?"

"No, not yet. But if you want us to ——"

"No! I'll be out of here before . . . before noon. I've got a convention meeting ——"

"No, you haven't." Dr Kharr was smiling down at him. "Mr Crouch said to tell you not to worry about anything. And you don't have to get to San Francisco."

San Francisco? That sales meeting at the Los Angeles Biltmore . . . 16 cities in 23 days . . . too many meetings, too many cocktail parties, too many names to remember.

"It's true then, huh – I have had a heart attack?"

THE PHONE was ringing when Aaron Kharr returned to his office. It was Dr Webster. "You admitted a coronary last night – name of Wilder? President of his company is

here. Will you come out?"

Matthew R Crouch was far from commanding in appearance, but he was no fool. The questions that he asked caused Dr Kharr to say, "You seem to know something about heart attacks, Mr Crouch."

"Ought to," he snapped back. "Lost two men in the last year. And I'm not going to lose Judd, too!"

"Don't worry," Kharr said placatingly. "All of the signs indicate a relatively small infarct."

"It's about what comes afterward that I'm worrying about." Crouch flourished a magazine, exposing its cover. It was a copy of the *Annals of General Practice*, the issue that carried Aaron Kharr's paper: "Emotional Rehabilitation of Cardiac Patients."

"How did you get hold of that?" Kharr asked.

Crouch's smile took a cocky twist. "I like to know who I'm dealing with. After you telephoned me last night I called my own doctor, Howard Robbins. Said he met you once – Atlantic City – the time you read this paper."

"Oh, yes," Kharr said, attempting to mask an ebullient awareness that his paper had won notice.

"What you say here is absolutely right," Crouch said. He met Aaron Kharr's eyes, fiercely proclaiming, "If Judd had to have a heart attack, he was sure lucky to land in your hands. Now I want to show you something."

CROUCH OPENED the big envelope found in Wilder's car, and showed Dr Kharr the proofs of the company's forthcoming stockholders' report, proudly proclaiming that Crouch Carpet's profit last year represented a higher return on invested capital than any other company in the carpet industry.

Lost in a mathematical maze, Aaron Kharr turned the conversation back to his patient. "The mid-forties are often a time of great stress," he said. "There's no consensus in the medical profession on the cause of coronary occlusions."

"Never mind what the profession thinks," Crouch snapped. "What do you think?"

"There's an association between an under-50 coronary and a certain behaviour pattern – what we call the pre-coronary syndrome."

Crouch scowled his lack of understanding. "You mean a certain type of man just naturally gets hit with a heart attack?"

"Yes, Mr Crouch, no question about it. If we begin with a man who is aggressive, highly motivated, ambitious, emotionally oriented to superior accomplishment, something of a perfectionist ——"

"That's Judd all right."

"The pressure builds up, something has to give. I've asked at least 400 under-50 coronaries – what do you want out of life? And I've yet to get a specific answer."

"Sounds like our district manager in Chicago," Crouch said.

"The man who gets hit with an early coronary, Mr Crouch, isn't the man who knows what he wants out of life and has been frustrated in getting it. That man may wind up with an ulcer, but rarely with a heart attack. Your typical coronary is what you might call a 'runner without a goal.' Oh, he got somewhere – money, status, material possessions. In his twenties it was easy. He ran as naturally as an exuberant young animal. In his thirties the going got a little heavier. And then he hits the forties. He's getting tired now, but he has to keep on running. If he ever had a goal, he's lost sight of it. He runs like a man in a nightmare, driven by a neurotic compulsion that he can no longer control." He caught his breath. "That's what we call the 'pre-coronary syndrome' – and a coronary occlusion is a logical consequence."

CROUCH SIGHED. "Anyway, what caused Judd's heart attack is no longer the question."

"Oh, but it is!" Aaron Kharr caught him up. "Mr Wilder has to see how self-destructive his behaviour has been. He has to change his way of life. If he doesn't, another attack is almost inevitable. But he mustn't be so frightened that he loses his ability to function. It's a narrow line. You have to know a lot about the man you're dealing with."

"What do you want to know?" Crouch asked. "He was born in Iowa, I think; father ran a newspaper. When he was a schoolboy he put on some kind of a pageant, and a big magazine wrote him up. Colfax College offered him a scholarship. They go in a lot for theatrical stuff."

"Then the theatre was Mr Wilder's original interest?" Aaron Kharr was recalling the many frustrated playwrights he had turned up in his Berringer Institute study of advertising men.

BUSINESS ISN'T so different," Crouch objected. "This convention he puts on for us every year is better than most Broadway shows."

"And there's one coming up very shortly, I understand."

Crouch started. "He's not worrying about that, is he?"

"When I first saw him, he was insisting that he had to get out of here by noon today – some big meeting on the convention."

"Tell him to forget the convention. We'll just postpone it until he gets back on his feet. That ought to relieve his mind."

Kharr reached for a notepad. "All right, let's go on from college. He's 44 now, born in 1920. He must have graduated about the time war broke out. Know anything about his service record?"

"Well, he was in the motion-picture end of it, I know that. Directing training films. He was overseas quite a while, in India."

"And he came with you when?"

"August, '52," Crouch said.

"Assuming that he got out of service in '45 or early '46," he calculated, "that leaves roughly seven years before he came to work for you. What had he been doing?"

"Movies, radio, television, stage shows, I don't know what all he'd been in."

"But you hired him as an advertising man?"

"That's what I thought he was," Crouch chuckled. "I didn't find out until afterward that he'd only been with this advertising agency for a year. Maybe I ought to tell you how I came to hire him? Everything I had in the world was riding on being able to sell a quality piece of tufted carpet. Some of the mills had gone to rayon, and they were flooding the market with junk ——"

"It was advertising that finally put you over," Kharr suggested, trying to hurry him along.

"I'm getting to Judd," Crouch promised. "I'd always been a wool man – still am – but one of the chemical companies had been after us to try a new synthetic. We'd made a couple of test runs, and they wanted some photos. That's how Judd happened to come down to New Ulster. The minute he saw that tufting machine, he was like a kid with a new toy. Had to see everything himself.

"So I invited him home to dinner, and he starts firing questions at me. What was our merchandising programme? Why hadn't we done this? Why hadn't we done that? He had me squirming. I'd always been a production man – I'd left the selling side to my sales manager ——"

"So you hired him? And he's done a good job?"

"That's what I was thinking about all the way up here," Crouch said with a sigh. "Our whole merchandising plan, our franchise setup – that's what really got us off the ground, Judd figuring out how to tie up those big contract accounts. The convention, the regional meetings, the contractor seminars – it's been one thing after another. The training course we're using for our salesmen – that's Judd's. Our employee relations programme – he worked that out."

TO KHARR, this was a clear-cut case of stress-induced heart attack – he had rarely heard of a life history that so perfectly anticipated the pre-coronary syndrome. But there was still a great deal that he had to know before he could be reasonably sure that rehabilitation was possible.

"How does Mr Wilder get along with his wife?"

"I guess you know," Crouch said with a grimace. "She's off to Europe. Never have been able to figure that woman out."

"How long have they been married?"

"Oh, it goes back – they've got a boy who must be 21, 22."

"A wartime marriage, perhaps?"

"Maybe so," Crouch said, as if accepting an excuse. "Kay's an odd one, all right. Raised by an aunt who spends most of her time in Europe."

"Is that the reason for Mrs Wilder's trip abroad – to see her aunt?"

"I'd say it was more this boy of theirs, Rolfe. He's going to some university in Paris." His voice dropped to a rough grumble. "If Kay was half as interested in helping Judd as she is in boosting that boy ——"

"I think I understand," Kharr said, not at all certain that he did.

AS HE DROVE UP to his company's administration building, Matt Crouch saw Roger Stark come out through the revolving door. He called, catching Stark's attention, irked as he always was by the icy quality of the vice president's response. Matt Crouch downed his instinctive dislike by recalling what Elbert Coe, his investment counsellor, had said when he

recommended employing Stark as Vice President for Administration. "He's a cool character, but you'll like him for what he can do for your company."

He had to agree. Elbert Coe had been his last hope to get the financial help that Crouch Carpet had needed. Finance, as Matt Crouch ruefully admitted, had never been his long suit. Although he had the mill on three shifts, and the backlog of orders was growing larger, the treasury had suddenly gone dry.

"To be brutal about it," Coe had said, "there's nothing more suspect these days than a company president who is product-minded instead of profit-minded."

Not too surprisingly, Elbert Coe had a keen, young, profit-minded executive in mind. That was how Roger Stark had come to Crouch Carpet. The title that Stark had been given, at Elbert Coe's suggestion – Vice President for Administration – had been unfortunately broad in scope. Matt Crouch had never meant to make Roger Stark his No. 2 man, but that was what Stark had become. And he had nibbled away control of the company. What the new computer did not decide, a Stark-written operations manual did.

Now, as the Vice President for Administration bent down to the car window, Matt Crouch had a chilly visualisation of what the Crouch Carpet Company would become with Roger Stark as its president.

"Here are the report proofs," he said curtly. "I suppose you'll want to check them."

"Naturally," Stark said.

"I've been up to the hospital. Judd is going to pull through all right."

"Splendid," Stark said, his tone flat. "I called in Talbott to see where we stand on the convention."

"You did, huh?" Crouch said, bristling. "The convention's cancelled."

"Cancelled?"

"Postponed," Crouch conceded.

Stark eyed him coolly. "I'm sure that's not a final decision."

WHENEVER JUDD WILDER opened his eyes, the nurse with the frozen wax-works smile would be looking at him. Now a new face was coming into focus . . . *Dr Kharr!*

"How are you feeling now?"

"All right," Judd said, blinking. "I guess I've been asleep."

"Good! You have nothing else to do."

"The hell I haven't."

Dr Kharr was smiling. "If you're still worrying about that convention, forget it. It's been postponed."

"Postponed?" His mind was instantly loaded with explosive objection.

"That's what Mr Crouch told me to tell you," Dr Kharr was saying. "Postponed until you're back on your feet again."

"Back on my feet," he whispered to himself . . . *he had to get out of here.*

His second night at County Memorial Hospital ended with a sudden awakening. There was no one else in the room . . . *Why had they left him alone? It hadn't been his heart . . . they'd been wrong . . . they knew it now . . . he had to get up . . . get dressed . . . the convention . . .*

HIS EYES CAUGHT a flash of movement in the mirrored face of the half-opened bathroom door, the reflected upsweep of a white skirt, exposing a bare thigh, quick fingers darting down to a garter fastening – a powerful stimulant to which he could not respond.

There was no longer a feeling of fear, only the slow acceptance of total fatigue, instantly reminiscent . . . that last morning . . . watching her in the mirror . . .

He had never known who she was – she had neither asked his name nor volunteered her own – and that anonymity had afterward helped him to survive a period of madness beyond comprehension. For 11 days he had been out in the Everglades, filming the location sequence of *Jungle Survival,* the Air Force picture that Huck Joyce had given him, his first assignment as a unit director. When they had finished shooting, the crew had been taken into Miami for a three-day leave. A Medical Corps major had wangled an invitation to a party aboard some millionaire's yacht, and persuaded Judd to come along.

In the mail forwarded from the studio in Astoria, Queens, there had been a note from Kay Cannon, telling him that she had taken a job in New York, giving him a telephone number to call. Before leaving his Miami hotel that night he answered her letter, promising that he would call her as soon as he got back, filling out the page by telling her that he was about to attend a party on a yacht, wondering after he had mailed the letter if he had not sounded

too naively impressed.

WHEN HE and the major boarded the yacht, he found himself sucked into a mass of gold-braided uniforms and multi-coloured chiffon, and a roar of straining voices, punctuated with screeching laughter and the crash of breaking glass. Judd was outranked by every officer present, and the only girls he saw near his own age were more frightening than attractive.

He had one highball, and fled to the deck. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, he saw a feminine figure standing against the rail, long-cloaked, a filmy scarf on gold-glinting hair. She said with a throaty little laugh, "I'd almost given you up," and held up a cigarette for him to light. In the glow of the flame her eyes were dancing. "Can you handle a right-hand drive?"

There was an English-made Daimler on the dock, and he was so preoccupied with its strangeness that he was unaware of where her turn-right and turn-left directions were taking him. "Turn in here," she finally said, and when he brought the car to a stop they were in a high-walled courtyard. Then she was in his arms.

On Monday morning she sent him back to his hotel in her Daimler, chauffeur-driven now. "Forget me," she had said, and he nodded quick acquiescence. He had to either forget her and everything that had happened or be forever degraded by the orgiastic madness with which he had allowed himself to be overwhelmed.

THERE WAS a telegram from Huck waiting at the hotel desk, approving the rushes, cancelling any need for a return to the Everglades for retakes. The crew were all in the coffee shop, waiting for the news, yet he had delayed facing them, going first to his room, scrubbing himself from head to foot, wearing dark glasses when he came down, conscious of being younger than any man in the crew – he was only 22.

On the plane going north, he slowly recovered from his sickening awareness of a revolting second self. Nevertheless, back in New York, he had waited until the end of the week before he called Kay Cannon. She had tickets for a new play, and afterwards they had talked for a long time. In the taxicab on their way back to her apartment, Kay had impulsively kissed him, something that she had never done before, and he had responded too eagerly. Instantly, she had fended him off.

One month and four days later they were married, time compressed by his orders to leave for the India-Burma Theatre to film the story of the air-lift operation over the Hump. The wedding ceremony was in Philadelphia, in Miss Jessica's Walnut Street drawing room, everything arranged by Kay during those madhouse days when he had been driving to assemble the personnel and equipment for the India unit.

On their wedding night at Buck Hill Falls his fear of appearing too knowing had quickly disappeared in an accepted normality that was utterly satisfying. By the second day they were living a married life. And by the time he got out of the service in December, 1945, Miami was forgotten.

THE VIVIDNESS with which it had been resurrected this morning by that glimpsed view in the bathroom-door mirror was strangely alarming; he felt as if some terribly emasculating accident had made him an impotent old man. And the young nurse who came out of the bathroom made him seem all the older.

"How long have you been awake?" she demanded, wide-eyed with an adolescent's earnest concern.

"Oh, a long time," he said, teasing.

"Oh, but you haven't," she exclaimed. "It's only been four minutes since ——" She broke off with a laugh. "You're feeling better, aren't you? I could tell it by the way you were sleeping. You don't remember Mrs Cope leaving, do you? She's your three-to-eleven nurse, Mrs Cope."

"I know her name," he said. "And you're Miss ——"

"I'm *Mrs* Welch," she supplied, the emphasis sharply correcting.

"I know," he said. "I remember." But what he knew was that all of the kids who were getting married lately seemed unbelievably young, and what he remembered was that he was an old man now.

OVER THE PAST YEAR, Matt Crouch had come to feel that Saturday was the best day of the week. Monday through Friday he too often felt himself a figurehead. Since Roger Stark's system of coordinated Operating Control had been installed, fewer and

fewer problems were being brought to the president's office. Often now he was genuinely lonely, hour after hour going by without anyone asking to see him.

On Saturday mornings, however, with the general offices officially closed, he could indulge himself. During the forenoon most of the key men would spend a quiet hour or two at their desks, and, by leaving the door of his office open, he could stop them as they went past, calling them in for a little session, protected from intrusion by Roger Stark's custom of leaving New Ulster on Friday evening for a Main Line weekend.

BUT THIS MORNING, as he headed his car into the presidential parking space, he saw that Stark's black sedan was already in the No. 2 spot. And there was a car in every front-row parking space except Judd Wilder's. Obviously, Stark was up to something.

As Crouch stepped off the elevator, he saw shadowy figures through the translucent glass door of Stark's office. There were three of them, identification supplied by the parked cars – Kelsey, Campbell and Locke. Stark had called a secret rump meeting of the executive committee.

Stomping into his office, Crouch demanded of his secretary, "What's going on in there?"

"I don't know," she said. "Mr Stark came in a while ago for some of the old convention files. He said they'd probably want to see you a little later."

"Tell him I'm ready!" he said, jut-jawed. But experience warned him against underrating an opponent who had slyly packed the executive committee with his own men. All of them – Kelsey, Campbell and Locke – owed their vice presidencies to Stark.

Admittedly, there had been a need to expand Matt Crouch's simple executive organisation. What was needed, Stark had said, was a modern accounting system, and Miles Campbell had been brought in to set it up. Giving him the title of Comptroller had been necessary, Stark had said, to get the calibre of man that was needed. And it had seemed logical that the Comptroller report directly to the Vice President for Administration.

MATT CROUCH had not realised how much of Fred Hanford's responsibility as Treasurer was being absorbed by the Comptroller until Fred unexpectedly retired, saying only that his doctor had advised him to move to a drier climate. Stark promptly suggested that Miles Campbell step into the breach with a new title, Vice President for Finance.

That was when Stark had started applying computer control to the mill operation. George Wilson had not been as quietly acquiescent as Fred Hanford. In an unpleasant session one Saturday morning, George had shouted at Crouch that "Stark is going to wreck everything – it's going to be cut-a-penny here, cut-a-penny there, and we'll wind up making the same junk everyone else is turning out."

Roger Stark had seemed to be pouring oil on the raging sea by suggesting that some of the control function of the Comptroller's Cost Section be transferred to a new Assistant General Superintendent. Norman Kelsey had been brought in for that job, picked by George Wilson himself out of several applicants. Then, through a slip, George discovered that Norman had been planted on him by Stark. The problem was horribly resolved when George was killed by a stroke. Norman Kelsey was made Vice President for Production.

Next to go was Jim McIntyre, the sales manager. Without McIntyre, Crouch Carpet could not have survived its infancy, but like many great salesmen he lacked administrative ability. When Roger Stark suggested that Warren Locke, the credit manager, be made Assistant Sales Manager to relieve Mac of all office operations, Matt Crouch had approved.

NOW IT WAS Warren Locke who administered prices, realigned territories, and established sales quotas. After Mac's sudden death, Stark had suggested that Warren be made General Sales Manager, and Matt Crouch agreed. When they had called in Locke to tell him the news, it was to Stark that he expressed his gratitude, saying, "If it hadn't been for you, Roger, this would never have happened." It was then that Matt Crouch realised that Stark had pulled off another slick manoeuvre, getting his own man in Sales just as he had done in Finance and Production. A few months later he blocked Stark's move to give Locke the title of Vice President for Marketing. If anyone was to have that title, he had decreed, it should be Judd Wilder.

Crouch stabbed a buzzer button for his secretary. She opened the door to ask, "Are

you ready for them?" and stepped back to clear the doorway for the vice presidential parade. They came in single file, first Locke, then Kelsey, then Campbell – deferentially turning back to the door for Stark, who made himself seem a crown prince being escorted to the throne. Matt Crouch felt a peculiar aloneness as he looked at them; there wasn't a real carpet man in the bunch, not one. Warren Locke broke the silence. "Mr Crouch, any new word this morning on Judd?"

"I talked to his doctor," Crouch said. "Judd had had a very good night."

But they were not really interested in what he was saying, only in Roger Stark's reaction to it. Again there was silence. This time it was Campbell who stepped into the breach.

"But I suppose, sir, that it will be some time before he's fully recovered."

"Oh, a couple of months and he'll be back on the job as good as new," Crouch replied, aware that this talk about Judd was no more than an opening gambit.

Obviously uncomfortable, Locke said, "Two months – that does give us something of a problem about the convention." He swallowed hard, looking to Stark for support.

STARK REMAINED silent, until Matt Crouch blasted him out of it with a demanding, "Didn't you tell them we're going to postpone the convention?"

Purse-lipped, adjusting his metal-rimmed spectacles, Stark said, "We've been exploring the alternate possibilities."

"What do you mean – alternate possibilities? If you've got another Judd Wilder up your sleeve, let's hear about him."

Stark said quietly, "We all share your high regard for Judd, Mr Crouch. But is it really your firm judgment, sir, that it's impossible to stage a convention without him?"

"How can we?"

"Other companies do."

"Not the way we do it. There's nothing like a Crouch Carpet convention. What would happen if we put on some kind of a half-baked affair?"

"Quite so," Stark agreed, aggravatingly composed. "But must we not also weigh the impression that would be created if we were to cancel it?"

"I didn't say cancel – I said postpone."

Stark was undeterred. "The impression we'd give, I'm afraid, would be that Crouch Carpet is a company so organisationally weak that the loss of one man cripples us."

Matt Crouch felt himself caught off-guard by a low blow. "All right, what would *you* do? Have the convention put on by this assistant of Judd's – whatever his name is?"

"Talbott," Locke supplied. "Allen Talbott."

MATT CROUCH wheeled on Locke. "Can he do what Judd's done?"

"Well, not in the same way, of course," Locke said uneasily. "What I mean is – well, all of our boys like Allen. He's always willing to listen to their ideas."

"Understandable enough," Stark encouraged him.

"We were talking about this only a couple of days ago," Locke went on, "wondering if there was some way this year we could get Judd to – please don't misunderstand me, Mr Crouch; I'm not saying anything against Judd; he's put on some wonderful conventions ——"

"But he doesn't soft-soap you enough – is that what you're saying?"

Stark stepped in to take Locke off the hook. "I think Warren's point here, Mr Crouch, is that it's a matter of morale, of what you ——"

The president cut him off with an axing gesture, chopping his hand at Kelsey. "What about you, Norman? You boys in Production all stewed up because Judd's been writing your speeches?"

"No, I wouldn't say that," Kelsey said. "But still – Judd isn't the easiest man in the world to work with."

"Neither am I!" Matt Crouch exploded. "And if I were, there'd never have been a Crouch Carpet Company."

Their silence was an accusation that he had lost his temper. Matt Crouch looked from face to face, seeing their obeisance to Stark as a measure of what small men they really were, so quick to forget all that Judd had done for them, so full of petty resentments. They resented Judd because he had something they didn't have. Ideas! And that's what built a company, kept a company growing. Why couldn't they see that? Business wasn't a popularity contest. You had to get in there and fight. That's all Judd had done . . . The circle of expressionless faces hemmed him in, coming closer and closer, the wolf pack closing in on its old leader. Matt Crouch took a deep, mind-cooling breath.

"All right," he said. "Go ahead. See what you can work out."

THEY WERE ALL on their feet, up to claim their victory before it could be snatched away.

"Just a minute." Crouch stopped Stark at the door. "This is only temporary, you understand, just until Judd gets back."

"Of course," Stark said blandly. "If Judd comes back the same man he was before – no decision is ever irreversible." Quickly he switched to. "About the stockholders' report – with a news release for the Wednesday papers, the stock may hit 40 by the end of the week. It might be a good time to consider a secondary offering of some of your shares. In fact, Elbert Coe mentioned it only yesterday."

When the men had gone, Matt Crouch's hand reached out for a pencil and scratch pad. Maybe Emily was right. Maybe he ought to retire. If he cashed in his stock now . . . Quickly, as if it were a surreptitious act, he multiplied 167,000 by 40, then hurriedly tore off the sheet and crumpled it in his hand. But the answer remained in his mind.

JUDD WILDER FELT no urge to get out of bed. Several times, experimentally, he had taken a series of deeper and deeper breaths, yet he had not felt any chest pain. The threat of nausea was gone. He had gone through a heart attack – and survived it. The only threat to tranquillity was Miss Harsch – and now she was bearing down upon him with an armload of flowers.

"Lovely, aren't they?" she burbled. "Now we're going to play our little game." She was holding up a white card with a teasing gesture. "Now what dear friend do you suppose sent us these lovely, lovely flowers?"

He closed his eyes, trying to escape into sleep, pursued by her outreaching voice. "Best wishes for your speedy recovery – Eloise and Roger Stark."

Stark.

ROGER STARK'S sudden appearance as Vice President for Administration had climaxed a month of wild stories that the company was in financial difficulty.

During Stark's second week on the job, he had asked Judd to have lunch with him, a transparent attempt at camaraderie. That luncheon had been so chilling an experience that Judd had gone back to his office and dug out a recent letter from a Manhattan executive placement agency. The letter asked whether he would be interested in a position as advertising and promotion manager for a company that, although unnamed, was almost certainly General Carpet Corporation.

He made a telephone call, and his guess about General Carpet proved correct. His first direct contact had been a luncheon meeting with the president, Harrison Horter, at the Pinnacle Club in New York. Horter, a great monolith of a man, as unresponsive as granite, was flanked by two replicas of Roger Stark. They did the talking, each in turn prodding Judd with questions, until he had to say that he could not, in good conscience, reveal any information about the operations of Crouch Carpet. By then he had decided that he would not take the job even if it were offered. He had told no one about the meeting – not even Kay – and he had never known who had seen him at the Pinnacle Club; but word had somehow got back to Mr Crouch.

The next day he had been called to the president's office and accused of consorting with competitors. Judd resorted to a defence that brought in Roger Stark's name. Mr Crouch had got the idea, apparently as a shocking revelation, that everyone thought that he was abdicating in Stark's favour. Judd had rarely seen him so upset, his anger diverted from the Pinnacle Club luncheon to Roger Stark, culminating in a desk-pounding pronouncement that Stark had nothing to do with advertising and promotion, and he'd better not stick his nose in where it didn't belong.

A few days later, Judd received a surprising letter from Harrison Horter, suggesting a meeting – "with a view to finalising our interesting conversation last week at the Pinnacle Club." He had replied that he was no longer interested. Nevertheless, Stark's continued presence had remained a sensed threat. It was no surprise that Stark had sent him flowers – it was automatic.

DRIVEN BY the racing clock, Aaron Kharr headed back to his office, and a meeting with Dr Raggi. He asked Raggi for his impression of Wilder.

"Perhaps, sir, if we were to wait a few days ——"

"There's no time to wait. These first days are crucial. This isn't psychoanalysis, Dr Raggi, we've got to know our man, without wasting time."

With an angry sigh, he picked up the long sheets of yellow paper on which, working until almost midnight, he had constructed a biographical outline of Judd Wilder's life. Against marginal numbers from 1920 to 1965, indicating every year of the patient's life, he had set down everything that he had learned from his talk with Matthew R. Crouch, and from the company's file folder.

"I don't suppose you got anywhere trying to talk to him about his wartime experience in India."

"He was not very responsive," Dr Raggi said. "But it was my feeling that he did not wish to think about it."

AARON KHARR searched the pages of his outline. Wilder had left for India shortly after he had been married on March 11, 1943. Except for the entry that a son had been born in December '43, there were no more notes until his discharge from service in December '45. Last night that blank gap had not concerned Dr Kharr; but now there was the prompting memory of one of the case studies at Berringer. In that instance, a wartime marriage, followed by a long separation and a child born while the man had been overseas, had been the beginning of a stress-producing marriage. In that case, too, the man had been reluctant to talk about his military service. "It may be that there's some unpleasant association with India – or perhaps with something that happened while he was away."

"I do not think it was India alone that he did not wish to recall," Raggi said firmly. "I felt, sir, that he does not wish to think about anything. All he wants ——"

"All he wants is what?"

"I am afraid, sir, that what he is wanting is to be left alone – not thinking, not talking, just left alone."

If Raggi was right, the case was almost hopeless. Dr Kharr had studied many cases of coronary victims who had simply pulled back from life as a mortally wounded animal retires from the arena.

KAY WILDER was returning to her cabin when she saw a woman in a Givenchy coat standing in the doorway. A dozen times, passing her on deck – for some reason they always seemed to be meeting – Kay had been tempted to speak, encouraged by slight smiles of recognition. Now the woman was at her side. A low-pitched voice asked, "Are you by any chance the sort of person who might think mid-afternoon an appropriate time for a drink?"

"Well – yes," Kay said; "I'm precisely that sort of person."

She took a quickly offered hand and an introductory, "I'm Chris Kemble."

"Kay Wilder."

THERE WAS a bowl of ice ready and waiting in the cabin, a tray of bottles and glasses. Chris Kemble said, "Scotch?"

"A light one," Kay said, measuring her hostess as she turned away to make the drinks, trying to guess what her background might be. Her beautifully cut suit and her Ferragamo shoes bespoke a showcase newness, the same impression that Kay had gathered from the Givenchy coat. Everything in sight looked as new as if she were a bride on honeymoon.

"To a better tomorrow," Mrs. Kemble said, handing Kay her drink.

"Tomorrow," Kay responded, drinking sparely.

"You're from Pennsylvania?"

"Yes. And you're New York?"

"Actually, it was Connecticut. More recently Reno."

"Oh, really," Kay said blankly, wondering why she had not guessed.

"Until seven days ago, just about now" – Chris Kemble glanced at her watch – "I was the consort of the reigning king of Madison Avenue, the wife of the fabulously successful James Stuart Kemble." Her voice collapsed at a peak of brassy irony. "Don't tell me that you know him?"

"Not really," Kay said hurriedly, "I've heard my husband mention his name, that's all."

"YOUR HUSBAND'S in advertising?" Chris Kemble asked. "I knew it, from the first time I saw you. He's with a company?"

"Yes." Kay evaded revelation with a quick change of the subject. "How long were you married?"

"Twenty-two years."

Kay blinked.

"I was all right until today," Chris said.

"And then I ran out of courage. I wanted so terribly to be free – but free for what? There's an answer. I'm sure there is."

"Of course," Kay agreed, sipping her drink, wondering guiltily what it would be like to be suddenly free.

"Oh, I should have made the break years ago," Chris Kemble said. "But you keep hoping. I even went to a psychiatrist. All I got was a lot of lip-licking talk about a happy sex life." She injected a bitter little laugh. "Do you know what Jim said when I told him I wanted a divorce? He said, 'Now, now, dear, simmer down, this is something that happens to all women about your age – we know all about it; we just did this market survey for Medford Drug – wonderful new product they're bringing out, Menocalm' ——"

"Oh, no!"

"He really did. That's when I knew that it was hopeless."

WHAT ARE your plans now?"

"Paris first. After that . . ." She shrugged it off.

"You've been abroad before, I'm sure."

"Oh yes. Twice this last year. Kemble International – that's Jim's new world to conquer. And you do it according to schedule, of course. Nine-o'clock breakfast with branch staff – be sure to get all their names right. Ten-ten – visit office; remember to speak to all the little people. I thought – well, if the agency is the only thing that means anything to him, all right, I can't lick it. I'll join it. So I started going along."

"But it didn't work?"

"It was much too late," Chris said. "But I couldn't make myself accept it. I kept saying this isn't the man I married, this isn't the real Jim Kemble. This is an act that he's putting on. And for a while it was, I'm sure it was. We used to laugh about the three-name business – James Stuart Kemble. But then one night I heard him answer the telephone that way. I should have known then that he'd never go back to being Jim Kemble."

"And who was Jim Kemble?" Kay asked with forced lightness.

"He was a writer. He'd sold stories to big magazines. He had a contract for his novel . . ." She broke off, catching a quick breath. "Oh, I know I'm not the first woman who fell in love with one man and woke up married to someone else. But it's so unfair! Do you know the kind of life we'd planned?"

"I can guess," Kay said, hoping that she wasn't betraying herself.

LYING FLAT on his back, Judd Wilder had been no more than half-conscious of Mrs Cope's presence, knowing that she had taken over from Miss Harsch. Watching her now as she took out her knitting, he asked what she was making.

"Oh, just a cardigan for one of my sister's girls," Mrs Cope said. "You have a son, don't you, Mr Wilder?"

"Yes. He's in Paris now."

The knitting needles were clicking again. "How old is he?"

"Twenty-two."

"Then he was born during the war."

"Yes, when I was overseas. He was two years old before I saw him." He often recalled that first time he had seen his son, the child's frightened escape to his mother's arms. Kay had pre-empted a parental relationship that, by the time he got home, was firmly fixed.

Rolfe, bright though he was, had never been the child prodigy that Kay imagined. It had started, of course, with Dr Loftberry, the headmaster at Sedgefield Day, the private school where they had sent Rolfe after they had moved to Connecticut. The tuition was ridiculously high, and he had been certain that Loftberry's pitch about Rolfe being unusually gifted was a hard sell to hang on to a paying customer. Kay, however, had fallen for it completely.

ON HER FIRST inspection trip to New Ulster – when he had taken the Crouch Carpet job – she had spent a whole day at the public school, agonising over the lack of special provision for gifted children. To make up for the school's shortcomings, she became Rolfe's tutor.

Judd had hoped the apron strings might loosen when his son got away to college, a belief encouraged when Rolfe chose Colfax, his father's alma mater. But Kay had thrown herself into a new campaign to keep her son dependent. When they went up for Homecoming Day, she snagged an appointment as a member of the committee in charge of redecorating Hanscomb Hall. Thereafter, she had an excuse to drive up to Colfax at least once a week. Once, rummaging around for an old briefcase, he stumbled on her cache of books,

duplicate copies of every text that Rolfe was using.

Judd Wilder's one major victory had been scored in Rolfe's junior year. The Professor of Marketing in Colfax's School of Business had asked him to lecture on the use of theatrical techniques in modern merchandising. The lecture had been enthusiastically received, and a few weeks later he received notice that he had been selected as that year's recipient of the Hopkins Award.

ROLFE WAS clearly impressed. Judd Wilder thought of asking him if he would like a summer job with Crouch Carpet. Before he could broach the subject, however, Kay had an opening for Rolfe on an archaeological expedition that was setting out to dig for traces of pre-Columbian Norse settlement on the Maine coast. By happy coincidence, she announced, one of her distant relatives, Julia Lancey, had invited them to spend July and August at the Lancey cottage at Northeast Harbour. Judd could fly up for weekends and his vacation, she said. But weekends had been out of the question, and his vacation had been cut short by a price war.

Unexpectedly, Kay had come home from Northeast Harbour a week before Labour Day, alone. Something had gone wrong, evidenced by a sour expression on her face, and even more strangely by the way that she had thrown herself into his arms, demanding affection.

Afterwards, he learned that Rolfe had spent only two weekends at Northeast Harbour, both times with a crowd of friends that he had brought along, and that he had deserted Kay on the trip home in order to visit Syracuse with a girl he had met on the dig – "some grubby little thing in a tight sweater and stretch pants."

When Kay suggested that she ought to go to Paris for Miss Jessica's birthday, he assumed it was a blind. There must have been a letter from Rolfe that she had not told him about, a climax of the breaking away that had begun in Maine.

"What's your son studying?" Mrs Cope asked. "What's he going to be?"

"He's majoring in something they call history of science," Judd replied. "It's philosophy, really – the philosophic background that brought on the scientific age."

"I suppose he'll teach then," Mrs Cope said. "That's what happens to most of them – the smart ones, I mean, the ones that don't seem to fit into anything else . . . Oh! Good evening, Doctor!"

KHARR SAID that he had only stopped in to say hello. His smile, a shade too firmly fixed, was the expression of a man for whom easy camaraderie had always been difficult. "I understand, Mr Wilder, that you were around my old stamping ground during the war."

"Where's that?"

"Astoria. I heard you were in the motion-picture end of the Signal Corps. I grew up near the studio."

"Yes, I was there for a while," Judd said.

"It must have been a great experience," Dr Kharr said.

"Yes, they'd let us graduate early, all of us who went into service," Judd said, remembering those weeks after Pearl Harbour.

He had been working for WMBG, that last year at Colfax. Then he read in *Variety* that the Signal Corps was recruiting Hollywood personnel to produce training films. One of the directors mentioned was Norman "Huck" Joyce, winner of two Academy Awards, three all-star wives, and the hero of endless fan-magazine tales. Judd had met him at one of Miss Jessica's Sunday salons. Now he wrote Joyce a letter, making it sound as personal as he dared.

A week or so later he had received an application blank from the Signal Corps. He bought a bus ticket to Washington, where he ran into Ronnie Chadreau, one of the bachelors who, as a loyal courtier of Nellie Potter Tyler, had been a hanger-on at the Orangerie. Judd had spent the previous summer there as an assistant director under Nicholas Kodansky. As a newly commissioned major, Ronnie was recruiting people with experience in the theatre. To Judd's astonishment, Ronnie greeted him with twittering delight, proclaiming to everyone within earshot that here was the young genius who had actually directed the Orangerie productions for which Nicholas Kodansky, the old faker, had been given public credit.

NELLIE POTTER TYLER had not only provided the funds that had built the Workshop Theatre at Colfax College, but also, as an unrelenting theatre buff, she supported the Orangerie. The name derived from its quarters,

the great glassed wing built onto the Tyler mansion. After her husband's death, Mrs Tyler had converted it to a summer theatre.

After Judd's direction of *Tamerlane* at the College Workshop, he had been offered a summer job as an assistant director at the Orangerie. He accepted because it meant a chance to work under Kodansky, originator of the Kodansky Approach, and the current idol of avant-garde drama critics.

In his first week he had discovered that Kodansky's talent was almost totally verbal. His directions to actors were madly incoherent, his conception of a scene unrelated to the reality of performance. At the point of crisis – this had happened on Judd's second day – Kodansky would wave his hand in a regal gesture, utter a lightly imperious, "Carry on, my good fellow," and vanish from the stage. Judd quickly became the real director of the Orangerie. But the credit was never his, always Kodansky's. Until that day in Washington, when he had run into Ronnie Chadreau, he had never known that anyone else was aware of what a phony Nicholas Kodansky really was – anyone, that is, except Kay Cannon.

THE FIRST TIME he had noticed Kay had been on the first walk-through day for the Orangerie's second production. Kodansky had disappeared after a particularly incoherent interpretation of the play's significance, and Judd had only started to get the rehearsal going again when he saw this girl standing in the wings. Obviously she knew what was going on, and, fearing that she might cause trouble, he had decided to exclude all visitors from rehearsal.

Kay Cannon had proved unexcludable. She was serving that summer as a secretary to Nellie Potter Tyler, and she kept asking him what he planned to do after he got out of Colfax. He had by then seen enough of Nellie Potter Tyler to know that he wanted no future entanglements with rich society women, young or old. As soon as the curtain was down on the last performance of the season, he caught the bus to Millburgh, returning to Colfax College and his waiting job at WMBG. Two days later, he received a note from Kay, wishing him luck in "what I am certain will be a brilliant career in the theatre." He saw no need for a reply.

A few days later there was another note, not from Kay but obviously prompted by her.

Dear Mr. Wilder:

As I'm sure you must know, Maxwell Anderson's new play is opening its Philadelphia tryout next week. Mr. Anderson and some of the people in the cast are stopping by for tea on Sunday about five. Would you come too?

JESSICA CANNON

He didn't want to waste a Sunday afternoon and evening on a society tea party, let alone spend $2.47 on bus fare to Philadelphia. According to Orangerie gossip, Jessica Cannon, Kay's aunt, was a batty old dame who was trying to carry on in Philadelphia the kind of salon for which she had been famous in Paris, before the German occupation. But he had to go; after graduation he would need Broadway contacts.

In Philadelphia everyone treated him as if he belonged. He had an intimate talk with Maxwell Anderson about the tryout of his play; and all the members of the cast, after they found out that he had been Kodansky's first assistant, gave him a reassuring sense of acceptance.

WHEN A SECOND invitation had come from Miss Jessica, he accepted without question. And then there had been a third and a fourth. It was on that fourth Sunday, the week before Pearl Harbour, that he had met Norman Joyce, the great film director, a hulking figure slouched into a hideaway corner chair, scowling into a whiskey glass. All that Judd had managed, after Kay had introduced him, had been a brief exchange about Kodansky – Huck Joyce knew the score, there had been no doubt about that – and then a badly fumbled attempt to compliment him on his latest picture. That was all, really, that supported his statement to Ronnie Chadreau that he knew Huck Joyce.

"But my dear fellow," Ronnie had exclaimed, "if you're a good enough friend of Miss Jessica's to be invited for one of her Sundays, why haven't you asked her to call the colonel? He's one of her oldest friends."

He had taken the next train for Philadelphia, arriving unannounced on the doorstep of Miss Jessica's Walnut Street house. Kay answered his ring. Miss Jessica, she explained, was in New York, but she'd take care of everything herself – and now how about a drink and some dinner?

Somehow he had started talking about Iowa and the Centennial pageant, and he had been astounded to find out how understanding Kay was. Still, when he gave her a quick kiss upon parting, he had felt himself a hypocrite, remembering why he had come.

But Kay, too, had remembered. Within two weeks he had his commission in the Signal Corps.

He spent his last evening with Kay in Philadelphia. There had been more than a single good-night kiss; only the atmosphere of Miss Jessica's Walnut Street town house, reminding him of who Kay Cannon was, made him stop where he did.

Dr Kharr asked now, "Had you had any previous motion-picture experience?"

"No, but I'd worked in radio, and, with my stage experience — it's all related."

"You were doing what — directing?"

"No, I wasn't really directing, not at Astoria," he said now. "I was an assistant to Huck Joyce. I don't suppose the name means anything to you — Norman Joyce?"

"I'm afraid not," Dr Kharr said. "But being his assistant must have been a feather in your cap."

"I was only twenty-two when I got my own unit," he said, recalling all the fuss when Huck had picked him for the Florida assignment. "I wasn't twenty-three until — I'll never forget my twenty-third birthday. We were hung up in Cairo. The DC-3 we were on had blown a cylinder head trying to take off ——"

Dr Kharr interrupted. "You were on your way to India?"

Judd nodded, struck by something strangely cool in the doctor's manner.

AND NOW, unmistakably probing, Dr Kharr asked, "India must have been interesting. You were there for — am I right — something over two years?"

"You seem to know a lot about me. What the devil's this all about? This India business. First, it's this other doctor — Raggi. Now you! What goes?"

Dr Kharr's face reddened. "Mr Wilder, if I'm to help you, I need to know as much about you as I can."

"I thought this was a heart attack."

"Has it occurred to you, Mr Wilder, that there may be a connection between your heart attack and the kind of a man you are?"

"What is this, a couch session?" Judd demanded. "Are you some kind of a head shrinker?"

Too late, he tried to add a tempering smile. Dr Kharr was already on his feet, and starting for the door. Judd might have stopped him, but he stifled his impulse to cry out in apology. He twisted his head on the pillow, surprised to discover that Mrs Cope was standing beside him.

"Have you always been like this?" she asked. On her face was an expression of tight-lipped disapproval. "Why are you so afraid to let anyone help you?"

Judd Wilder had made up his mind what it would mean if Dr Kharr did not appear by 10 o'clock — and now it was five minutes past the hour. Obviously he had washed his hands of him, not even bothering to turn him over to another doctor.

As if she knew that Dr Kharr had left the case, Miss Harsch was again treating him like a helpless invalid, spooning the breakfast gruel into his mouth, not even allowing him to raise his head high enough to drink from a glass. "But Mr Wilder, don't you understand — we've had a *heart attack!*"

A CLICK of the latch sent his eyes to the door. It opened on Dr Kharr, as starchily stiff as the white coat that he was now wearing. Abruptly, he took out his stethoscope and bent over his patient. Judd was about to apologise when the doctor suddenly straightened up. "What are you so steamed up about, Mr Wilder?"

"I'm not," he said, struck by the impression that Dr Kharr, through his stethoscope, had been listening to his secret mind. "I'm sorry about last night. I didn't mean to give you the impression that I didn't want your help ——"

"This is your third day, Mr Wilder," Dr Kharr said. "We know now what the score is. If you can see why you've had this first attack — and will do something about it — you may be able to avoid a second one." He paused. "The prognosis for a second coronary occlusion in a man under fifty is bad, Mr Wilder, very bad indeed. If you persist in the same suicidal behaviour pattern that you've followed up to now ——"

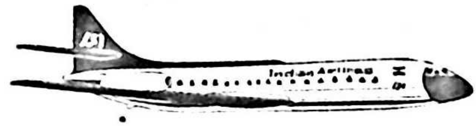
"Suicidal!"

"Yes — suicidal," Dr Kharr struck again. "What else can you call behaviour that can result only in self-destruction?"

Judd saw Miss Harsch shrinking back into the window corner, her smile displaced by an expression of shock.

"If you want to take a little break, Miss Harsch, go ahead," Dr Kharr said quietly.

For a moment Miss Harsch seemed not to comprehend. Then, snatching up her purse, she



hurried out, stopping at the door for a pitying backward glance at Judd.

"What do you think occluded that artery?" Dr Kharr asked. "What blocked it?"

"Some kind of a clot, I guess."

"Yes, that's the popular conception. There are still a great many people who speak of coronary *thrombosis* as if it were a synonym for coronary *occlusion.* It's not. In your case, Mr Wilder, there was no thrombosis, no clot." Dr Kharr edged forward on his chair. "How much do you know about fat metabolism – the reduction of the triglycerides in the presence of heparin?"

IT WAS such a far-out question that Judd grinned broadly. Dr Kharr's face froze, the expression of a humourless man who found himself being laughed at. "I've spent most of my life in research. I don't suppose you've ever heard of Doctor Hugo Steinfeldt?"

"No."

"He was a great man. It's only now that he's beginning to get some recognition. His field was psychosomatic medicine. Not *psychiatric* – not mental illness. *Psychosomatic* – diseases of the body that are caused by something going wrong in the interplay between the mind and the body."

"I understand," he said, guessing that Dr Kharr had not forgotten that head-shrinker crack.

"Gastrointestinal ulcers, for example," Dr Kharr went on. "As a young man, he'd been in the thick of that battle, trying to get the profession to acknowledge their psychosomatic origin. Today, of course, most doctors do, but still . . . Anyway, by the time I came to work with him – this was '53 – his big interest was heart disease. There was nothing particularly new in his concept that emotional stress was somehow involved in coronary occlusion. But how? What was the physiological linkage? We had all sorts of theories, of course, but we couldn't tie it down, until after I'd gone over to the Berringer Institute."

"So there's nothing to this low-cholesterol diet business I've heard about," Judd suggested.

"No, I can't go that far, but I'm inclined to think that a low-fat diet is more ——" He broke off with, "But let me go on. To begin with, there are millions of glycerine molecules in your blood stream. They serve as carriers of fat released by the digestive process. Three molecules of fat attach themselves to each molecule of glycerine – one, two, three."

Three fingers snapped up in time with his count. "That's why we call it a triglyceride. Clear?"

He nodded.

"All right, now we have this triglyceride in the blood stream, flowing along until it comes to a fat-storage cell. Usually those three fat molecules break away from the glycerine carrier and are absorbed into the cell. But that happens only if there's heparin present. Heparin is created by the body, specifically to separate those fat molecules from their carrier. If there isn't enough heparin present, the triglyceride can't get rid of its fat – right? So it goes on riding along in the blood stream. And more and more triglycerides are being formed all the time, of course. The blood gets thicker and thicker. When the capillaries get sludged up, and the blood can no longer flow in to nourish the heart muscle, you've got an occluded coronary."

"That's quite a theory," Judd said, his quick smile banishing the vivid image of a sludge-plugged heart.

"It's more than a theory, Mr Wilder," Dr Kharr said tautly. "When you were still in Emergency, I had a blood sample taken and ran a triglyceride determination. It was extremely high. But it dropped sharply after we gave you heparin to make up for what your body hadn't been producing."

"I still don't see why ——"

"Why you weren't producing enough heparin?" Dr Kharr supplied. "That's the whole point. You know what adrenaline is, of course?"

"More or less."

"It's produced by the adrenal glands as a response to psychic challenge. If a man is naturally competitive and aggressive, and in a situation where he feels continually challenged, his adrenal glands work overtime. All right, think of your adrenal glands as able to provide either adrenaline or heparin, but not both at the same time. Normally, there's only an intermittent demand for adrenaline. Now, Mr Wilder – if a man feels himself constantly under stress, where he continually pumps adrenaline into his arteries, leaving no time to replenish his depleted stock of heparin . . ." He spread his hands. "You see it now, don't you?"

Judd had often been told that he had to learn to relax, but never before had it made any sense. He shook his head. "I don't see how it could apply to me."

"Why not?"

"I haven't been under any pressure lately. March is always my easiest month. That's when I catch my breath before I have to start going all out on the convention."

"Catch your breath after what, Mr Wilder?"

"The spring promotion tour. If you want to talk about pressure – sixteen meetings in twenty-three days – Boston, New York, Atlanta, Kansas City, Chicago, all the way out to the Coast."

DR KHARR removed his spectacles. "Why did you come back to New York?"

"To put Kay on the boat, that's all."

"You'd driven up from Pennsylvania that morning?"

"No, the day before. I had a lot of stuff to line up for the convention."

"What did you do that evening? Out on the town?"

"We were going to the theatre, but I got tied up over at the advertising agency so – well, it was pretty late when I finally got back to the hotel, so we just turned in." A muscle spasm clenched his jaws, as he remembered Kay's dry-lipped kiss across the gulf between their twin beds . . . sex that was only a last-night formality, Kay's final payment on the ransom price of escape . . .

"And the next morning you took your wife down to the ship?"

"Well, no. She went over by herself. I had to pick up the proofs of the stockholders' report. But I knew that the agency crowd was giving her a sendoff, so I got there as soon as I could."

"A sailing party?" Dr Kharr sounded as if he had picked up a significant clue. "How much did you drink, Mr Wilder?"

"A couple of glasses of champagne, that's all. I've been laying off liquor. It hasn't seemed to agree with me lately."

"To get back to your wife's sailing – was that a stressful situation?"

"What do you mean?" Judd asked. "Look, if you've got the idea that there's any sort of trouble between us – forget it, there isn't."

"Forgive me," Dr Kharr apologised. "What time did you leave New York – do you happen to remember?"

"I went through the Lincoln Tunnel at five after four."

"And you had your attack just after seven?"

"Seven-ten. I'd just come off the turnpike – I'd looked at the clock on the toll booth."

"Three hours and five minutes from New York," Dr Kharr observed. "That's fast time. Why were you in such a hurry, Mr Wilder?"

"Well, I had this proof to get to Mr Crouch by nine o'clock."

"TELL ME this, Mr Wilder" – Dr Kharr put on his glasses again – "had Mr Crouch asked that you have that proof at his house by nine o'clock? Or was that simply a goal that you had set for yourself?" Reaching down beside the bed, Dr Kharr opened a thick ring-binder notebook to a place that had been marked with a slip of paper, and began to read.

" 'This pre-coronary behaviour syndrome, first identified by Dr Hugo Steinfeldt, is somewhat difficult to describe. The patient characteristically insists that he has not been under any unusual stress. Nevertheless, he will frequently reveal a secondary consciousness that something untoward has happened to him. He may, for example, remark that some particular food that he used to enjoy no longer agrees with him. Often he will have stopped drinking, explaining that alcohol doesn't seem to agree with him anymore.' "

Dr Kharr read on. " 'The type of man in whom the development of a precoronary behaviour pattern may most logically be suspected is inherently aggressive, competitive and ambitious, geared to operate at a high adrenaline level. In his earlier years, the necessary psychic challenge was ever-present. However, as he comes into middle age, the old challenges have lost their potency. Most men settle back and adjust to a lower level of adrenaline stimulation. But not the man we are examining; he has become so hooked on adrenaline that he can't kick the habit. Quite unknowingly, he starts playing little adrenal-stimulating games. One of the most commonly observed is a running battle with the clock and the calendar. In this way he can keep giving himself repeated shots of adrenaline all day long.' "

Dr Kharr paused, as if he were expecting an explosive response, but Judd kept silent.

"I'm sorry, I hadn't intended to go this far today," Dr Kharr said. "You're getting tired, aren't you?"

Convulsively, Judd flung out, "You're probably right," a difficult admission. "But I can't be something I'm not. I've got to be myself."

"But you haven't been yourself, Mr Wilder,

not for the last year or two, or however long it's been since you got off the track. Let me read you one last thing." He turned pages. "This is something that a great doctor once said. I'd asked him what he saw when he examined a pre-coronary syndrome type. He said, 'I see a man who is a runner without a goal. He has been running all his life, because running is the expression of his being. Once, there was an open road ahead, up the hills and down the valleys. But then he lost his way. Somewhere he took the wrong turn. Now he's off the main road. He's in the deep woods. Dark shadows are closing in. He can't see ahead. But still he runs. Unless he finds his way back to the main road, he will run until he is swallowed up in the black shadows of the deep woods.' "

THERE WAS the sound of a heavy book being closed. Somewhere in the distance a church bell was ringing.

"Let me ask you one last question," Dr Kharr said. "If I were to give you a sheet of paper and a pencil, would you be able to put down – right now – a clear statement of what you want to accomplish in the last half of your life?"

Silence was enough of an answer.

"When you can do that, you'll be back on the main road," Dr Kharr said quietly. "Think about it."

And then he was gone, as if he had slipped through the curtaining mist of a dream . . . the black shadows of the dark woods . . . Kay . . . *What are you trying to prove? . . . What do you want? . . .*

AT THE FAST PACE of shipboard life, Kay Wilder's friendship with the divorcee Chris Kemble had reached, in a single day, a remarkable state of intimacy. Last night Kay had listened to an overwhelming outpouring of self-revelation. Chris Kemble had emerged as a distraught, hard-drinking woman anxious to believe that her husband's philandering had not been the result of her own inadequacy.

Kay told almost nothing about herself, or Judd, being especially careful to say nothing about Judd ever having worked for a New York advertising agency. But something slipped out about Sedgefield, Connecticut.

Chris picked it up immediately. "Sedgefield? You mean you lived there?"

"We used to know a lot of people in Sedgefield."

"You must have known Jack and Mary Ellis. They had that lovely old house – on the right, just after you cross the bridge?"

"Yes, I remember the house," Kay acknowledged. "But I really don't know Jack. We were on the Opera House board together, that's all."

"The Opera House!" Chris exclaimed. "Oh, isn't it a gem? The restoration! You must have worked with Ben Kassoff, the builder. Wasn't he the most fascinating man? Of course he was mad, absolutely mad. . . ."

Kay set a fixed smile, trying to hide her memories of those last months in Sedgefield, and the insanity of that unaccountable affair. It had never meant anything, nothing at all. That's what made it so horrible.

THERE HAD, of course, been the unbalancing elation of finally getting out of Greenwich Village. Judd had been directing industrial films when he got an offer to go into television direction. Of course, the network could not pay a director very much until a sponsor appeared – but that would come.

Judd's first television productions were enthusiastically reviewed. After his fifth production, starring Ilsa Lang, the show had been bought by Vega Cosmetics. His salary immediately skyrocketed from $125 to $400 a week, and he agreed that it was time to get out of the Village. Rolfe was almost six, ready for school, and they couldn't go on bringing him up in the city.

Kay had spent the next four days in a hard-driven canvass of Connecticut, paying more attention to neighbours than houses, rejecting areas that had been too heavily infiltrated by the advertising and publishing crowd. Her search ended in Sedgefield, where she bought a house in need of remodelling. That was how she had met Ben Kassoff, the architect.

According to his most-used story, Ben was a Russian who had escaped to the United States after being taken prisoner by the Germans at Leningrad. In some quarters there was a suspicion that his escape had been from Brooklyn. Whatever the truth, Judd took a fancy to him, and it was he who kept throwing Ben and Kay together.

In the first year of Judd's television show, he did an occasional new play. One had been

Dust Bowl, an adaptation of an unproduced play by Kenyon Malling, starring the Hollywood actress Ilsa Lang. It was a play with a small-town background, the action set in the Depression period, obviously the effort of a passed-over playwright. A *Variety* review, however, had been surprisingly good, even going so far as to call Ilsa Lang's performance "magnificent." One night Malling had stopped by the house with exciting news: a producer named Leonard Solleman was adapting his play for the stage, renamed *Head of the House,* and Judd would be offered the chance to direct.

AS A RESULT, Judd had carried a double load of work all through the summer. Kay sat in on all of the early script sessions with Ken Malling, and Judd had even asked her to come into New York for the first reading with a full cast; but as rehearsals got under way, her sense of participation was dulled by Judd's increasing resistance to suggestion. More disturbing had been the feeling that there was something between Judd and Ilsa Lang beyond a legitimate director-star relationship.

The Boston reviews were not encouraging. Judd phoned Kay, saying that he was trying to get Leonard Solleman to hold off coming into New York for another two weeks, but that the producer was insisting that he could not afford the extra expense. They were coming directly into New York.

She went into Manhattan early in the forenoon before the opening night, catching Judd in his hotel room for only a moment. Her natural sympathy was chilled by his manner. He acted almost as if she had no right to visit his room unbidden.

It was quite by accident – this would always be a refuge for conscience – that she ran into Ben Kassoff in the lobby of Judd's hotel. They had had a drink together and then gone to Sardi's for dinner, both of them repetitiously voicing the hope that Judd would appear. He had not, of course, but they had spent the dinner hour talking about him.

On opening night the applause was substantial, and there were enough curtain calls for Ilsa Lang to suggest that the play might succeed. When *Head of the House* settled down to its run, Judd went into New York every day, ostensibly to keep polishing the play. Despite good reviews, and articles about Ilsa Lang in the Sunday papers, there was no build-up in advance sales. Judd had taken a cut in salary in order to do the play, and had little to apply to their household bills. Then Solleman abruptly closed the play.

KAY HAD EXPECTED that Judd, established now as a Broadway director, would be offered other plays to stage; but nothing turned up. She used her own money to pay Rolfe's tuition at Sedgefield Day School. When Judd found the receipted bill, she was afraid that he would go back to television. What happened was worse: he took a job with an advertising agency, directing television commercials. That, she knew, was the end of the legitimate theatre. Fortunately, there had been restoration of the Sedgefield Opera House to fill her life – and, less fortunately, Ben Kassoff.

After all these years nothing remained to remember but the bitter ashes of a temporary nymphomania, unaccountable because she had never before been stirred to recklessness by physical passion. And it had not been Ben's fault. Madly, she had phoned him at his office, leaving messages for him, inventing excuses to get him to the house on Wednesday night when Judd had to be in the studio to get the commercials on the air. One Wednesday she had missed seeing in the evening paper that President Truman had preempted the 9 P.M. time for a political broadcast. A full two hours before she expected him, she heard Judd's car pull into the driveway.

Somehow, she and Ben had managed to get into the living room before Judd came in the back door, but their attempt to pretend a conference on the Opera House had been feeble. Judd had carried it off far better than she had, leaving them alone, going into the bathroom, showing no emotion when he came back to find Ben gone. But there had been a terrifying cruelty in his silence, denying her any chance to ease the pressure of guilt. Soon afterward, when she found evidence of Judd's continuing relationship with Ilsa Lang, she could not even hint her displeasure. The thought of divorce terrified her. Eventually, when Judd told her that he was taking a job with Crouch Carpet and that they were moving to Pennsylvania, she had seen a chance for a new life.

"You really should drive up some time and see how the Opera House turned out," Chris was saying. "All those little stores have been

torn down so you can really see the theatre. Ben's idea, I hear."

"Yes, that was a part of the original plan," Kay said. "And Ben is still in Sedgefield?"

"Ben? Oh, don't you know? He's dead."

"Dead?"

"Oh, it was horrible! They were having a big dinner for him, giving him some kind of an award – the Civic Association, you know, man of the year, something like that. Ben died of a heart attack during the speeches."

DR KHARR PULLED UP a chair beside Judd Wilder's bed and sat down. "There's really no need for round-the-clock nursing, Mr Wilder. You're not that ill. You could get along without a night nurse. We could put Mary Welch on days."

"Instead of Miss Harsch? Good!"

"You had a good night, no pain, nothing worrying you?" It was too ritualistic to be seriously questioning.

Anxious to hold him, Judd said, "I've been doing a lot of thinking."

"Thinking about what?"

"That I'm going to have to change – that I can't go back to Crouch Carpet."

"No, no, Mr Wilder, please. You can go back to your job, if that's what you want to do."

"All right, the answer is yes. Why wouldn't it be?"

Dr Kharr shrugged. "I know next to nothing about your work –"

"It's a pressure job, but I can't imagine working for a better company. I'll never forget those first few years, battling to keep our heads above water – one wrong move and the whole company could have gone down the drain. It was a great experience."

MARY WELCH STOOD in the doorway. "I'm sorry to interrupt, Doctor, but there's a visitor, a Mrs. Ingalls."

"Daphy?" Judd said. "She was our next-door neighbour for years. Send her in."

Daphy's first words were, "What can I do for you, Judd?"

"Nothing, I'm fine. Well, could you bring my mail? And call the office for me? Allen Talbott . . ."

"Allen Talbott," Daphy repeated, fishing a pencil and scrap of paper from her purse.

"Tell him to get in touch with Dazians in New York and cancel the costume order. And do the same thing with Century Lighting . . ." He paused, waiting as she wrote. "And the slides I ordered from Sales Graphic."

"Sales Graphic," she repeated. "I guess Allen will know —"

"It's all stuff that I had ordered for the convention. We won't need it now that it's been postponed."

Daphy's pencil stopped. "Postponed?"

"The old man has stalled it off until September." Her incredulous look amused him. "So I'm going to get a little breather this spring."

Daphy put her notes in her purse. "What's Kay's address in Paris? I heard she'd be staying at the Hotel Louis something, so that's where I wrote her."

"Wrote her? About me? About this?"

Daphy's face froze in an astonished expression. "Judd Wilder, don't tell me that you haven't sent word to Kay?"

"Why wreck her trip?"

"Oh, Judd, how could you?" she agonized. "Here you are with a heart attack – I'm sorry, if I did something that you didn't want."

"No, it's all right. I'm going to write Kay. Thanks for coming, Daphy, it means a lot, you more than anyone."

"I'll call Allen Talbott." She bent down to kiss his cheek. "God bless you!"

JUDD ASKED Mary Welch for writing paper.

"Well, it's about time you wrote your wife," she exclaimed. "This is your sixth day here." She charged out of the room, returning with a sheaf of hospital letterheads, cranking up the bed, a flurry of activity that left him with a ball-point pen in hand, and a blank sheet in front of him.

He wrote *Dear Kay:* and stopped. He thought of an opening sentence, but was diverted by another and stronger voice . . .

"If I were to give you a sheet of paper and a pencil, would you be able to put down – right now, this very minute – a clear statement of what you want to accomplish in the last half of your life?"

Just before lunchtime he received his first substantial packet of mail. Almost all were from New York, a fact explained when the first note that he read mentioned *The Grape-vine,* Madison Avenue's gossipy newsletter. Apparent-

ly there had been something about his illness in yesterday's edition.

There was a package, too, its brown-paper wrapping sealed with red wax. Somehow he knew, even before he saw the return address, who had sent it – Ilsa Lang.

He had not seen Ilsa Lang since that afternoon twelve years ago, when he had gone to Sutton Place to tell her that he had taken a job in Pennsylvania, that he was leaving New York, hoping that there would be some painless way to make her understand that the affair had to end. But it was she who had said, "We always knew that it would have to end sometime," her voice low and throaty, projected as if she were reading a third-act curtain line.

THE BUSINESS of holding his hands in hers as she guided him to the door was perfectly performed. And then he had been outside in the dark vestibule, pushed off because he was no longer of any use to her. Actresses don't need has-been directors.

Mary Welch's scissors cut open the package. Inside there was a black leather folder, enclosing a Persian miniature painting. A slip of paper fluttered out, a printed listing cut from a sales catalogue:

117: BOOK ILLUSTRATION–LATE MOGOL (c. 1500) **Although not positively attributable, this remarkable miniature bears some evidence of being from the hand of Behzad of Herat, the greatest master of Persian painting. It depicts an important prince rising from his sickbed, proclaiming to the awed onlookers the miracle of his recovery. Particularly notable is the strength of character in the prince's face and the dominance of his powerful presence upon all those about him.**

There was no card, no signature; but only Ilsa Lang could have sent him such a lavish gift. He knew that this miniature was worth hundreds of dollars; but she had dozens more like it, from Arsa Zelenkian's fabulous collection. Judd remembered that morning, a year or so after he had gone to work for Crouch Carpet, when Kay had put the newspaper beside his breakfast plate, folded to expose the story of Arsa Zelenkian's death in a plane crash.

"Wasn't he Ilsa Lang's boyfriend?" Kay had asked. Her voice was so flatly expressionless that he had been able to reply calmly, "I think she finally married him – I heard that somewhere."

THROUGH A RAIN-BLEARED window of the boat train, Kay Wilder saw that they were coming into the suburbs of Paris. She looked ahead for a first glimpse of the Eiffel Tower or some Parisian touchstone that would lift her spirits. She was frighteningly aware of her inability to anticipate the unknown – and the unknown was this faceless girl whose name kept turning up in Rolfe's letters. *"Jo let me use her Renault so I drove out to this weird place . . . Jo knew one of the librarians so I got back into the stacks . . . Jo invited me . . . Jo asked me . . . Jo said . . . Jo . . . Jo . . . Jo . . ."*

THE TRAIN PULLED into the station and came to a jarring stop. Far down the platform someone waved, a man in a dark raincoat. She did not recognise Rolfe until, as he strode toward her, she saw his face. He seemed years older. When he had left home last June, his farewell kiss had been that of a boy submitting to a silly parental demand. Now the quick press of his lips on her cheek was the act of a mature man. She felt suddenly old when he took her baggage checks and directed a porter with a burst of colloquial French. The vague dream of herself as a knowledgeable Parisian showing the city to an awestruck young son vanished then and there.

"How's Dad?" Rolfe asked.

"Oh, fine," she said. "All wrapped up in his convention, of course. But how are you? That's the important thing."

"All right. Look – I got your hotel reservation, but Miss Jessica is counting on you coming out there —"

"Oh, Rolfe, she doesn't have room —"

"— and the way things are, I thought you might want to change your plans."

His tone sent a prickle of fear through her. "Rolfe, is something wrong?"

"I didn't really know anything for sure until last Thursday. I went out to her place that afternoon after I got through at the library. Celia was all upset. Miss Jessica had fainted – you know, just blacked out. And this wasn't the first time. Naturally, I waited until the doctor came. She's in pretty bad shape."

"Oh, Rolfe, what is it? Did he tell you?"

He answered with a Gallic shrug, a mannerism newly acquired. "All he said really – you know, she's seventy-four – I guess it's what you have to expect." He took a deep breath. "She's a

Open House

I do not want my house to be walled in on all sides and my windows to be stuffed. I want the cultures of all lands to be blown about my house as freely as possible. But I refuse to be blown off my feet by any. Mine is not a religion of the prison-house; it has room for the least of God's creations, but it is proof against insolent pride of race, religion, or colour.



(Young India, June 1921)

MAHATMA GANDHI

davp 68/301



MAHATMA GANDHI
BIRTH CENTENARY
OCT 2,1968 TO
FEB 22 1970
महात्मा गाधी
जन्म शताब्दी
अक्तूबर 2 1968 से
फरवरी 22, 1970

terrific person."

"Of course," Kay said, downing a stab of jealousy. "You're very fond of her, aren't you?"

"I've never known anyone like her. The thing is – I couldn't tell her that you didn't want to stay with her."

"I thought if I were at a hotel, it would be easier to see more of you, that's all."

"Oh, you'll see plenty of me," he said. "About the idea of giving Jessica a birthday party – the doctor said no, absolutely not. Anyway, it's going to mean a lot to her, you being here."

Boldly she thrust in, "I hope it means a little something to you, too."

"Oh, sure, it's wonderful," he said. "I wish I had more time to take you around . . . Are those your bags?" He gestured toward the waiting porter. "Come on," taking her arm, hurrying her on through the crowd. "Now if Jo has been able to stay parked – oh, good, there she is!"

ROLFE WINGED UP his coat, sheltering Kay from the rain, but blinding her to what lay ahead. Then, across the sidewalk, he whipped his coat away as if it were an unveiling, confronting her with a smiling girl. This was no little piece of fluff who could be brushed off with a heart-to-heart talk. This girl was smart and alert, undeniably intelligent, exhibiting a clear-eyed boldness that could only be backed by the confidence of possession.

"Welcome to Paris, Mrs. Wilder," Jo said. "We're so happy to have you here." That "we" was slipped in like the point of a knife, a cutting proclamation of established intimacy. And then, no less adroitly, the girl was opening the car door, turning back the front seat, putting Kay in the rear, already treating her like a mother-in-law. Eyes bright, Jo called back to Rolfe, who was somewhere behind the car with the porter and the bags, asking him if he wanted to drive; her tone proclaimed a man-and-wife intimacy.

SHE TWISTED AROUND to smile at Kay.

"Rolfe tells me that you were raised in Paris," Jo said.

Kay managed a choked, "Yes," burying her face in her purse, blindly searching for she knew not what.

"You're going to find it a lot different," Jo said. "For one thing, all the big glassy-glassy buildings that have gone up."

"How long have you been in Paris?" Kay asked, knowing that she was sounding terribly stuffy.

"Only these last three years, really," Jo said. "Before that it was in and out. We didn't really move here until Daddy was transferred to the European company."

"Your father is in business here?" she asked, putting the girl in her place as a stranger about whom she knew absolutely nothing.

Jo was unfazed. "Yes, he's with Seaborne Oil, their European subsidiary. But now there's some new trouble in the Middle East, so he's gone back there. It's only temporary, I hope. He had too much of the Middle East when he was with the State Department."

"He was in the Foreign Service?" Kay asked, feeling a weakening premonition.

"Yes, that's how he knew Miss Jessica."

"Then you know her, too?"

"Miss Jessica? Oh, of course. For years and years." She broke off, setting a quizzical smile. "Hasn't Rolfe told you? That's how we met."

THE DRIVER'S DOOR burst open, and Rolfe shoved in with a husbandly grumble about finding a postbox to mail a letter of Jo's, calling back, "Mother, were you having your mail sent to the hotel?"

"Of course."

"All right, I'll stop in the morning and have them forward it." He started the engine. "I could go around that way now, but with the rain and all this traffic —"

"Tomorrow will be soon enough," she said, thinking that if there was any mail it would be only a letter from Judd. She was preoccupied with the way Jo was looking at Rolfe, her expression as confidently possessive as a bride's.

Much of Kay Wilder's anticipated sense of a return to youth, of a cancelling of all the years that had elapsed since she left Paris, was lost at the railroad station. More slipped away as she looked ahead, watching for the corner that had been the key landmark of her youth, the place where she always broke into a run on her way home from school, to meet Miss Jessica. She missed seeing the corner, Rolfe turning before she knew where she was. Somehow the stone facade of Miss Jessica's house had shrunk with the years.

"I'll take your bags up the back way," Rolfe was saying. "Tonight I've got this big meeting – I'll see you the first thing in the morning."

Jo was saying something about the pleasure of meeting her, and then Kay was climbing the worn stone steps. A stranger opened the door. This, she knew, was Celia, the new maid.

KAY KNEW that Miss Jessica would be waiting in the little upstairs sitting room where she was always to be found at this late hour of the afternoon. And there she was, seen through the open doorway as Kay reached the top of the stairs, her erect carriage a brave denial of age and infirmity. Kay had to resist an impulse to throw her arms around her aunt's shoulders. Instead, she gave the gaunt cheek a lightly planted kiss, knowing that it was exactly what was expected.

Miss Jessica indicated a chair. "Sit there. I want to be able to see you. How are you?"

"Oh, fine. But how are you? That's more to the point."

"At my age, the state of one's health is completely without point." Miss Jessica squared her shoulders. "Bring the tray," she said, seeming to address an empty doorway. Celia materialised.

"You were impressed with Jo, weren't you?" Miss Jessica said. "And you can see the change in Rolfe."

"I understand you brought them together," Kay said. Her tone made it seem an accusation. "Do you think it's serious?"

"They didn't tell you?"

Kay's heart plummeted. "They're not — married?"

"No," Miss Jessica said. "There's been no ceremony. They're waiting for that until the Wallaces go back to the States — her father is due for leave this summer — and Mrs Wallace is one of those creatures whose sense of morality needs the support of organ music and a sextet of matched bridesmaids."

Kay Wilder could not doubt what she had guessed from the first moment that she had seen Rolfe and Jo together, yet she was stunned by Miss Jessica's condoning it.

"I know how you feel," Miss Jessica said in a too-kindly voice. "But please don't let them know it. They're in love, Kay. Accept it. I did — not easily, I'll admit — but I gave them my blessing. And they've rewarded me by letting me share a little of something that's very beautiful." She broke off with a hoarse, "Come, come," directed at Celia who had been waiting at the door.

CELIA BROUGHT IN a silver tray, loaded with decanters, glasses, and a *repoussé* urn filled with ice, an elegant display over which Miss Jessica presided with patrician grace. "What will you have, Kay?"

"Oh, anything — just some sherry," she said, forgetting that she had invaded one of her aunt's eccentric deceptions. No Foreign Service officer had ever been fully accredited at the American Embassy until he learned that one of Miss Jessica's sherry decanters, the one with the sunburst stopper, contained the finest sour-mash bourbon.

Straight-faced, Miss Jessica asked, "Spanish or Kentucky?"

"Spanish," Kay said, accepting the glass, then watching with alarm as her aunt filled an entire wineglass from the bourbon decanter.

Miss Jessica studied the rim of her glass. "How's Judd?"

"Oh, fine."

"I'd hoped that he would change his mind and come with you."

"Oh, he couldn't possibly, not with his precious convention coming up," Kay said, unguardedly cynical. "If I'd waited for him to come with me, I'd never have made it in time for your birthday."

Miss Jessica's eyes narrowed. "That, I take it, is the excuse that you gave him. What's wrong?"

"Wrong? Nothing's wrong! What made you think there is?"

Miss Jessica gave her a penetrating look. "Your letter. The one in which you told me you were coming."

"It was only a hurried note ——"

"Oh, that was evident," Miss Jessica said. "I could almost hear it — closet doors flung open, drawers banging, suitcases thumped down on your bed. All very familiar."

Kay's laugh was brittle. "Have you been thinking that I was running away from Judd?"

"Weren't you?"

"Of course not," Kay said, honestly baffled now, telling herself that age and illness had obviously affected Miss Jessica's mind.

MISS JESSICA LIFTED her glass for another sip. "I've been thinking about something that Dr Galliard once said about women in their middle forties. That was when they went through the frantic period, the *quarante-mania*, he said — running away from

their husbands, chasing after their lost youth, trying to keep their sons from falling in love with someone who might ——"

Kay slashed in angrily. "I take it that you've been indulging in some long-range psychoanalysis."

Miss Jessica's face went slack, her lower lip trembling. "It seems that the mid-seventies are a foolish time, too. Forgive me, I was much too blunt. But everything seems so urgent these days – so little time."

Kay managed a stiff smile. "I'm not running away from Judd, or anything else. I'm quite prepared to go on being a good Crouch Carpet wife, and no less prepared, I hope, to accept a daughter-in-law." She was rather pleased with herself now. "If you've been imagining that I'm in any way unhappy, please don't."

MISS JESSICA SIGHED. "Judd still happy in his work?"

"At least happy enough so that nothing else matters."

Miss Jessica regarded her speculatively. "Yes, it's extraordinary, isn't it, this fascination that corporate life has for so many men."

"I've never tried to manage Judd's life. Did I object to his going with Crouch Carpet? Didn't I move to New Ulster? Haven't I stuck it out?"

"I'm not talking about Judd," Miss Jessica said. "Has Rolfe written you about his plans?"

Kay shook her head, an admission too painful to be put into words.

"He'll put an end to his university work this year."

"He won't go on?" Her throat went dry.

"Go on and do what?" Miss Jessica asked flatly. "What you want him to do? Let me tell you what he said. It will hurt less hearing it from me. He said, 'Mother has never been satisfied with what Dad has done with his life, so I suppose I'll be disappointing her, too.' "

Kay felt a cry rising in her throat. "What's he planning to do?"

"He knows now that he doesn't want to spend his life as a scholar."

"Then he won't go on to Harvard," Kay said dully, abandoning a dream that had begun when Rolfe had been chosen to work in Paris with Dr McClelland Brooks, getting his master's degree at the same time, clearing the way for Harvard and his doctorate.

"Are you in a mood for suggestions?"

Kay nodded.

"I've two of them," Miss Jessica said crisply, in firm command now. "First, be careful, Kay, that you say nothing that Rolfe could interpret as being even remotely critical of his father."

"But I never have ——"

"If you were to say to him, as you said to me, that his father had not been able to come with you because of his *precious* convention ——"

Kay gasped.

"My second suggestion is this," Miss Jessica continued. "No matter what he tells you that he's going to do – give him your blessing. Tell him that you approve, or at least that you understand. If you don't, he'll do it anyway, so you've nothing to lose. But he doesn't want to hurt you. That should be some compensation – having someone love you enough to care what you think. Don't lose that love, Kay. There's too little love in any of our lives to sacrifice it foolishly." She stopped with a pained smile. "I only hope that I've not sacrificed too much of yours, talking to you this frankly."

KAY KNEW that she could not endure very many days with Miss Jessica, obliquely charging her with being a bad mother and a worse wife. Miss Jessica would side with Rolfe, as she had always sided with Judd. Now, waiting for Rolfe to arrive, hearing the door knocker, the maid's footsteps, the door opening, she moved to the head of the staircase.

Rolfe called out, "Mail for you," flourishing a letter, and coming up the stairs. Recognizing the handwriting, she saw that it was only a letter from Daphy Ingalls. She led the way into the upstairs sitting room.

"Sorry about running off last night," Rolfe said. "It was the big meeting. I couldn't pass it up."

"How was it?" she asked, wondering what kind of meeting it had been.

"Terrific," he said, a startling contrast with her expectation of a noncommunicative mumble. His manner was confident, in part a result, Kay guessed, of his relationship with Jo. Now she had to listen.

" – so they really have to project their plans for at least ten years," Rolfe's voice drifted in. "It will take three years to get the refinery on stream, but you have to have housing and services for the workers . . ." He broke off with an apologetic, "I don't mean to bore you with

all this, but it's such a terrific programme. Mr Purcell had told me a lot about it, of course, but until you actually see it all laid out – it's a fabulous company, it really is."

"Company?"

"Seaborne Oil," he said, as if she should have known.

"Isn't that the same company that Jo's father ——"

ROLFE CHUCKLED. "That was really weird, the way I happened to meet Mr Purcell. You know my tape recorder – well, something went wrong with the playback, and I took it to a shop. The man was testing it, playing back the cartridge I had in the machine – when this customer walked in. He couldn't help hearing what I had on the tape, some notes that I'd dictated while I was reading Colombier – you know, Edouard Colombier, the guy who's been doing all this work on the projection of socioeconomic trends. The guy started asking me questions. Why was I reading Colombier? What was I working on? He introduced himself – Julian Purcell – nobody I'd ever heard of. Still he was an interesting man to talk to, so when he invited me to lunch – a free meal at a good restaurant – why not?"

"He was French?" she asked.

He shook his head, grinning. "No, he's American – Boston. But he didn't tell me a thing about himself at lunch. We got off on socio-economic prediction – Colombier's trend patterns versus the Bromberg criteria projection – and I guess I did most of the talking. In the end, he asked me to come to his apartment that next Sunday afternoon for a drink. He said he'd invite Colombier, too. Naturally I told Jo about it, but when I mentioned the name – Julian Purcell – she laughed. That was the first I knew that he had anything to do with Seaborne Oil."

"Yes, that was quite a coincidence, wasn't it," Kay said. Grown men often had a childish faith in the plausibility of their tales about chance encounters. "You seem to be rather deeply involved in all this?"

"They've offered me a job," he said calmly.

"And you're going to take it?"

He glanced away. "If I do, what will you think? You'll be disappointed, won't you?"

SHE HAD THOUGHT herself well prepared, but now the rehearsed words came out too stiffly, too pat, "You have a good mind, Rolfe, I want you to make the most of it, that's all."

"Whatever I have, I know now that I don't want to bury my talents back in the seventeenth century."

"That's quite a change from the way you were talking when you left," she said, trying to make her voice free of accusation.

"I've done a lot of thinking since I came over here," he said matter-of-factly. "At Colfax I'd been running so hard, chasing the carrots – you know, dean's list, Phi Beta Kappa, magna cum laude – when this came up, a year in Paris, a chance to get my M.A. without rocking Dad's pocketbook too hard, it was another carrot, that's all."

"Oh, Rolfe, it was more than that, you know it was!" she protested, remembering the intensity of his drive to get the appointment.

"Sure, I was steamed up about it," he admitted. "And I don't regret it. It's been a great experience."

"But you don't want to go on with it?"

He looked at her strangely. "I'd made up my mind long before I met Mr Purcell. I guess it was something Dad said. You remember when he was up at school, that talk he made to the business-school guys?"

She felt staggered, unable to respond.

"In Dad's speech – I don't know exactly how he put it, but the idea was that just as scholars are now looking back to the seventeenth century as the start of the scientific age, three hundred years from now they'll be looking back on twentieth-century industry as an even more exciting period of revolutionary change. Maybe you remember?"

She nodded, aware now how foolish she had been in thinking that Rolfe would never be seriously influenced by his father.

LOOKING DOWN, Kay saw that she had crushed Daphy's letter in her hands, a betrayal of nervousness.

She had to say something. "What does Dr Brooks think about all this?"

"Dr Brooks? He doesn't see that the modern corporation is more than just a commercial enterprise. Actually, it's the primary instrumentality of a whole new civilisation. Other societies have been built with other instrumentalities – you know, the city state, the feudal demesne, the temple, the church – there has to

be some way to organise man's pluralistic effort. This isn't an original thought – it's the thesis of Colombier's whole argument – and, once you see it, you simply can't deny it. The corporation is the most efficient and effective instrumentality that we've ever devised to organise human effort. That's where the action is, that's where I want to be."

Kay groped for words. Then – "What does Jo think of all of this?"

Rolfe's eyes lighted in an expression of relief. "I guess you know ——"

She nodded. "I'm very happy for you."

"I was hoping that you'd feel that way," he murmured. "Oh, Jo is all for it. That's the wonderful thing about her, the way she . . ." He paused, something left unsaid. "I was a little worried for a while – you know, when I first decided that I didn't want to teach. She'd been so wrapped up in what I was doing, that's the kind of a life she thought we'd have . . . but she was terrific, just terrific. She understood right away. That means an awful lot – you know, having somebody that's really with you all the way."

"Of course it does," Kay said as fervently as she could manage, feeling that all of this was peripheral criticism of her.

"I'm a lucky guy."

"She's lucky, too, Rolfe," she said. "It isn't every man, you know, who's willing to let someone share his life."

"Maybe so," he said, missing her point. "But there are so many wives that – you know, like Jo's mother. I go out there and we get talking about Seaborne Oil sometimes, Jo and her father and I, and Mrs Wallace – if she can't change the subject, she walks out. It must be kind of rugged, having a wife that isn't interested in anything you're doing."

She nodded, not really believing that Rolfe could be cruel enough to attack her by innuendo, yet unable to shut out Miss Jessica's voice . . . *"Mother has never been satisfied with what Dad has done with his life . . ."*

ROLFE WAS RISING from his chair, saying something about leaving. She started to protest – there was so much he did not understand about his father, so many arguments that she could advance to justify herself – but reason sealed her lips. She watched him as he went out the door, feeling the dullness of anti-climax. Aimlessly filling an empty moment, she opened Daphy's letter. Skimming, her interest at a low ebb, she was halfway down the page before a glimmer of understanding broke through. Suddenly her eyes cut back to the first sentence. Responding to an unreasoned impulse, she ran to the hall window that looked down on the courtyard, struggled with the catch, then pounded. Rolfe did not hear her. His car was already moving out through the gateposts. Then she heard Miss Jessica's voice, and wheeled to face her.

"Judd's had a heart attack."

For a moment it appeared that Miss Jessica had not understood. "When did it happen?"

Kay glanced at the letter. "This was written Friday night. It must have happened on his way back from New York Thursday night. Oh God, why didn't they let me know?"

"You were on the ship."

"But they could have sent a radio message."

"Judd may have told them not to." Miss Jessica's head turned to the hall clock. "Had you thought of telephoning? It's too early yet, only six-thirty over there. We'll have some coffee."

WHEN THE TELEPHONE RANG in Judd's room he instantly thought of Allen Talbott, his assistant. Anticipation collapsed as he heard Mary Welch say, "Dr Kharr? No, he isn't here – oh, wait, I believe ——"

Judd glanced towards the opening door, catching the doctor's quick scowl as Mary said, "It's for you, Dr Kharr. A long-distance call from Paris. Paris, France."

Dr Kharr took the instrument from Mary's outstretched hand. "Oh yes, Mrs Wilder . . . No, no, not at all . . . Yes, it was a coronary occlusion, but he's coming along in fine shape . . . No, nothing like that . . . I'm taking this call in his room – I'll put him on."

With no more warning than that, Dr Kharr thrust the telephone towards Judd. He managed a strong "Hi!" a pitch-pipe note of confident well-being.

"Oh, Judd, why didn't you let me know?" burst in his ear.

"I wrote you," he said, wearily defensive, but her voice overran his, telling him what a horrible morning she had had, not even knowing what hospital he was in. Finally out of breath, she gave him a chance to say that he had written her a letter. "You ought to get it today."

"Oh, I suppose it's because I'm staying at

Miss Jessica's."

"How is she?" he asked.

"Yes, she's right here," Kay said, a puzzling reply until he guessed that she was telling him that she couldn't talk freely.

"How's Rolfe?"

Again there was a strange hesitation. "Oh, he's fine. He came out this morning – that's how I got Daphy's letter. I didn't read it until after he was gone, so he still doesn't know."

"Know what?" he asked, hurt because she still had not asked how he was feeling.

"About you," she said. "Are you really all right?" But now it was a prompted question, discounting the validity of her concern.

"Sure, I'm fine," he said, glancing toward Dr Kharr. "It's nothing serious, Kay, just a little bump, that's all. By the time you get back I'll be ——"

"That's what I want to talk about, Judd," she interrupted. "I'm sure I can get a plane —"

"Don't be ridiculous," he cut her off. "There's absolutely no need for you to come back. I'm feeling fine, I have wonderful nurses; if I want anything, all I have to do is ask for it. I mean it, Kay, it would be silly for you to come rushing back."

"Well, if you don't need me . . ." her voice hung suspended, half a world away.

"I don't need a thing," he said. "Give my best to Miss Jessica, and tell Rolfe ——"

Her voice was muffled, something missed, but "Take care of yourself, Judd" came through clearly, and then, "Good-bye, dear," clipped off by a loud click, the connection broken.

ALL THROUGH THE DAY Judd Wilder's thoughts returned to Kay's telephone call. There was no reason why she should rush home, he told himself, but Kay had been too easy to convince. He could not now escape thinking that if Rolfe were in the hospital, Kay would already be on a homebound plane.

When the afternoon mail brought a New Ulster paper, he scanned the first page eagerly. The headline leaped at him.

CROUCH CARPET SALES PARLEY
TO BE HELD ON CRUISE SHIP

He stared at the black type, waiting as if expecting a burst of pain. Coldly, he read the story.

Telegrams were dispatched today to Crouch Carpet contractors and representatives all over the country announcing a change in plan for the company's annual sales convention. Instead of being held in New Ulster, as in years past, the parley will be held this year on a cruise to the Bahamas.

"The ship-board setting will be an aid to more effective deliberation," says Warren L. Locke, Vice President for Sales, "and the atmosphere will foster that intimate personal relationship which has always characterised our distribution system."

The convention will be held on the M.S. Holiday, a luxury cruise ship on the Caribbean run during the winter season. The ship will sail from New York on Sunday, May 16, and return on the following Saturday. Two nights will be spent at Nassau, and, according to Allen Talbott, Assistant Director of Advertising and Sales Promotion, under whose direction all plans are being made, a full programme of shore-side entertainment will be provided in addition to the convention sessions.

WHAT DEFIED Judd's comprehension was the duplicity of the plot that had been set up to deceive him. He knew now why Allen Talbott had never phoned, and he heard again the voice of Dr Aaron Kharr, *"The convention's postponed . . . that's what Mr Crouch told me to tell you . . ."*

"Bastard!"

Shocked, he looked up into Mrs Cope's face, realising that he had spoken aloud. He gasped, in reaction to a stab of pain. Instantly he felt the clutch of terror, an iron-banded constriction of his chest against which it seemed he could not breathe.

The squawk box burst into life with a raucous, "Dr Kharr – call blue, call blue."

IT TOOK DR KHARR no more than two minutes to reach Wilder's room. Mrs Cope was waiting outside the door, her hand on the knob. "I'm sorry, Doctor, it was a false alarm," she said. "Do you remember his worrying about this convention he was supposed to be putting on?"

"But it was postponed ——"

"Did you tell him that?"

"Of course, Mr Crouch asked me to. He said ——"

"Whatever he said, they're having it, anyway." She paused, measuring his reaction. "It's in the New Ulster paper. He saw it. The first thing I knew he was grabbing for his chest, breathing hard. I guess I was a little panicked – it's still only the seventh day ——"

"But he's all right now?"

"Yes, but he's blaming you. For saying they would wait until he got back to put on this convention."

He felt staggered. All he had done to gain Wilder's confidence had gone for nothing. Mrs Cope opened the door and stepped aside. Wilder was lying on his side, his back to the door. Aaron Kharr walked up to the bedside, announcing his presence with a firm greeting.

WITHOUT TURNING his body, Wilder said, "I've a suggestion for that book you're writing, Doctor."

"Yes?"

"You should include a warning," Wilder said. "When you're practising all these clever deceptions to assure the patient – be careful, don't get caught."

Aaron Kharr said, "I've practiced no deception on you, Mr Wilder."

"No?" Wilder half-turned now. He reached for the newspaper that lay across his knees, and flung it at the doctor.

Aaron Kharr found the headline. "All I did, Mr Wilder, was to repeat the message that Mr Crouch asked me to give you."

There he saw the measure of his dilemma. If he blamed Crouch, he would be destroying something on which Judd Wilder's recovery depended: his confidence in the Crouch Carpet Company, and his personal faith in Matthew R Crouch. If there was any explanation, Crouch himself would have to offer it.

WHEN EMILY HAD DECIDED to accompany Matt Crouch to Philadelphia, he had grudgingly agreed to take a room for the day at the Bellevue-Stratford. Now, returning to the hotel from Elbert Coe's office, he was glad to have the place. Emily had been right in saying that he would need a little rest before they started to drive back to New Ulster – and she had been right, too, in saying that they could afford it.

He thrust open the door, and saw his wife dozing on the bed. He roused her with, "Well, damn it, it's settled!"

Emily sat bolt upright. "Settled? Oh, Matt, you don't mean . . ." Out of bed with a jack-in-the-box leap that made her seem twenty years younger, she threw her arms around him. "Oh, Matt, I couldn't be happier. Even if you didn't get everything you wanted ——"

"What do you mean, I didn't get everything I wanted? Wait until you hear! Remember what I said about holding out for $45 a share so I'd have room enough to do a little horse trading? Well, when I got there, who should be waiting for me but Harrison Horter ——"

"Himself?"

"Yes sir, there he was. So he asks me what do I want, let's stop this fooling around and make a deal."

"So you said forty-five."

"Wait! So we're standing there, not even sitting down yet. He hands me a pencil, and tells me to write down my rock bottom figure, and he'll say yes or no, and that'll settle it right then and there. You really want to know what I wrote down? Guess."

"Oh, Matt!"

"Well, first I wrote down forty-eight ——"

"Forty-*eight!*"

" – and then, just for the hell of it, I put on an extra seventy-five cents."

"Matt, you don't mean that he ——"

"So he says what's the seventy-five cents for. So I says my wife came down shopping today, buying out the whole town ——"

She burst into laughter.

"You want to know what it adds up to? I'll tell you. After we pay all the taxes – five million dollars. And *cash!* Five million cash!"

"Five . . ." she began, slumping down on the edge of the bed. "Matt, I can't believe it."

"Not bad, huh, for an old fossil that's never been 'profit-oriented.' "

Her smile clouded. "Roger Stark called you a little while ago."

"Here? How'd he find out ——"

"I don't know. All he said ——"

"Just couldn't wait to find out that he'd made his killing, huh? This is what he's been angling for all the time, getting me to sell out. Stark was just a stalking horse for Coe and Horter, that's all he was. That's why Coe made me hire him, so they'd have somebody on the inside, knowing everything that was going on."

AS THE TELEPHONE RANG, Aaron Kharr reached out for it with annoyance.

"Mrs Wilder is here," the girl at the front desk said. "She'd like to talk to you before she sees her husband."

"Mrs Wilder?" he repeated. Help had arrived; here was what he needed, the background, the understanding, the support, the end of a single-handed fight against heavy odds. He hurried into the lobby. She was not at all the woman he had been visualising as Wilder's

wife. Her manner radiated warmth, her expressed gratitude for all that he had done for her husband was sincere. Above all else, he saw a capacity for understanding that would be of enormous help.

"I did feel that I ought to check with you before I talked to Judd," she said. "It will be a shock to him, my turning up like this. I suppose I should have let him know I was coming ——"

"Perhaps we should give him a bit of warning before you walk in," he agreed. "But, still, he's coming along so well ——"

"He really is?"

"Oh, yes, splendidly," he said. "There's every reason to expect a complete physical recovery. However, the real problem in cases like this, Mrs Wilder, is more emotional than physical."

"I'm sure that's true," she said.

ENCOURAGED, he slipped into his standard explanation, ending with, "So the aim, Mrs Wilder, is to help him walk that centre line – fearful enough to guard against a recurrence, yet not so frightened as to feel that he has been disabled."

"But he can't go back to Crouch Carpet can he?"

"Oh, I'd not say that, not at all."

"How can he?" she demanded. "After this?"

"Well, he'll have to make some adjustments, of course," he said. He pulled up a chair, twisting it to face Mrs Wilder. "Mr Crouch came up here the morning after your husband's attack. Your husband was worried about the convention. I told Mr Crouch about that, and he told me to tell Mr Wilder that the convention would be postponed. Then this story appeared in your New Ulster paper that they were having the convention without him. When your husband read it ——"

"That must have hit him awfully hard."

"Yes, for a few minutes we were quite concerned. He may talk to you about it."

"He might," she said, looking away. "And it was Mr Crouch who promised that they wouldn't go ahead without him? Judd always worshipped him so."

He hesitated, suppressing a hundred questions. "Don't be surprised if you find some of his reactions unusual. No man ever comes this close to the brink and steps back quite the same man that he was before." He looked at his watch. "Suppose you give me five minutes. Wait here for me."

I THINK she's coming," Mary Welch said from the guard post she had taken up at the door. "Yes, it's Dr Kharr ——"

Judd wanted to cry, "Get out, get out, leave us alone!" but it was too late, Kay was in the doorway.

There was an instant when it seemed that she would rush in to throw her arms around him, but there was an exchange of words between Mary and Kay, enough to shatter the suspense of expectation.

Kay came up to the bedside, but did not speak.

He said, "I told you that you didn't need to ruin your trip."

"It wasn't ruined," she said. "I was there long enough to do everything I really wanted to do."

The door closed. Mary was gone. They were alone now. But all that came out of it was Kay's flatly asked, "How are you feeling?"

"I'm fine," he said, lifting his hand. She grasped it, and he started to pull her towards him, a suggestion too quickly taken, her kiss no more than a hurried brush of lips.

"There's some news about Rolfe that ought to please you," she said. "He's taking a job with Seaborne Oil."

"He's not going to Harvard? He's not going to teach?"

SHE SHOOK her head, smiling, an unbelievable response in view of her ambitions for Rolfe.

"Why did you say that I'd be pleased?"

"Aren't you?"

"Well, if it's what he wants – sure."

"He said that if he could get as much satisfaction out of working for Seaborne Oil as you have for Crouch Carpet – he'd be very happy."

"That really throws me," he said, grinning. But it was dangerous to believe that Kay had changed this much in such a short time. She had never before admitted, even indirectly, that his going with Crouch Carpet had been a wise move.

"He's changed a lot in this last year," Kay said. "He seems so much older."

Aimlessly probing, he asked, "What about the girl?"

"They're going to be married in June. I'm

sure you'll like Jo. She's very much your kind."

"What do you mean – my kind?"

He was unprepared for the sudden sight of tears in Kay's eyes. She turned away, trying to hide behind a rigidly firm voice. "She'll make Rolfe a good wife – at least the kind of wife he wants." She was avoiding his eyes. "You're not worrying about the office are you?"

"I'm not worrying about anything. I know now where I'm going, and I know how to get there. All I have to do is sit down with Mr Crouch and make him see what Stark is doing to the company. That's all it will take."

SO KAY GOT back, huh?" Crouch said as he came around the end of the hospital bed. "And Doc Kharr says you're doing wonderful. Hell, boy, if I didn't know different, I'd say there wasn't a thing wrong with you."

Judd smiled. Evidently, Mr Crouch had something on his mind.

"Nice day," Crouch said, a feeble attempt at small talk. "What's this I hear about you being upset about the cruise business?"

"Who told you, Dr Kharr?"

"You got this thing all wrong. It's no convention, just a damn junket."

"I'm not worrying about it," Judd said, fencing, waiting for an opening.

"You aren't, huh," Crouch said, surprising Judd with a look of relief. "And I don't want you worrying when – well, you're going to be reading something else in the paper, too, I guess. That's why I drove round this way – I'd rather have you hear it from me, the way the paper'll get it all mixed up. I hadn't really been thinking about selling – not for a while yet, anyway – but Emily's been telling me I ought to start taking it a little easier. And I am coming up to sixty-five."

"You've sold the company," Judd said. It was an accusation.

"All I did was sell my shares ——"

"But that's ——"

"All right, it's twenty-seven percent. And with the rest of the stock they've got, I guess that'll give 'em control. But somebody's got to have it, and this way the company'll keep right on growing."

"It won't be the same company without you," Judd said, his voice leaden.

"Well, that's nice of you, Judd," Mr Crouch said, clearly pleased. "A lot of people will be glad to see me out of the way. We had some great times together, huh? You remember the first big government order we got? I was telling Horter about that just yesterday ——"

"Who?"

"Harrison Horter," the old man said. A needle glinted in his narrowed eyes. "You ought to remember him."

"So that's who'll be taking over," Judd murmured, remembering the luncheon, Horter sitting there like a sphinx while his hatchet men chopped away.

"Well, he remembers you all right," Crouch said. "You're the only man in the company he mentioned. And the way I got things set up you'll have nothing to worry about."

"I'm not worrying," Judd said. And, strangely, it was true. He was the runner who had escaped his pursuers, giving them the slip, watching now and from a hideaway. If he waited, silent and unresponsive, Mr Crouch would go away.

EVERY DAY THIS WEEK Kay Wilder had driven the forty-two miles to County Memorial Hospital, spent an hour with her husband and then driven home again. Each day she felt that her visit had been a tolerated intrusion on the snug little world that Judd had built for himself within the hospital walls.

On Friday she visited Dr Kharr in his office. He asked a lot of questions about her married relationship with Judd, and she found herself becoming edgily resistant.

"From here on," he said, "it's going to be up to you. That's why I'm anxious to get him home. He could leave here tomorrow."

"I'm not certain that I can give him the care he should have."

"He needs no special care, Mrs Wilder. He's not an invalid anymore. Don't try to turn your house into a hospital." He put in a forced smile. "You've got to drag him out of that cave, and get him back in the world again. I'm sure you understand."

She nodded, understanding well enough, yet torn by the conflict between what he was asking her to do and the need to establish a new relationship with her husband.

"The important thing is to get him talking," Kharr said. "Get it all out in the open, all this company business. What *is* happening at the company?"

"I don't know," she said. "It's just a lot of rumours."

"Tell him everything you hear, Mrs Wilder, good or bad. It's another chance to get him talking. Then he'll start thinking. Remember what I told you about coronary stress – it's not generated by a tangible anxiety. It's the blind driving that ——"

"I remember," she said. "But I've never talked to Judd about the company, and I'm sure he'd be suspicious if, all of a sudden, I start. It's difficult to be really interested if you aren't involved."

Quietly, Dr Kharr said, "You're involved now, Mrs Wilder. You have to be. There's no one else."

KAY WENT directly home, preoccupied with the task of turning the ground-floor library into an appealing bedroom.

It suddenly occurred to her that she had to find someone to go up with her in the morning and drive Judd's car back. The problem was solved when Frank Whittaker called to see her.

Frank was no close friend of Judd's although he was Secretary of the Crouch Carpet Company. He lived in a no-man's land between the old New Ulster families and Crouch Carpet. His wife had inherited a block of stock that Matt Crouch had given to her father when he bought the old Coburn Carpet Company. Next to Matt Crouch, she was the largest individual stockholder in the company.

KAY OPENED THE DOOR, feigning pleasant surprise. She had never seen Frank Whittaker's face so drawn with concern.

Inside he said, "I understand that you're bringing Judd home tomorrow. If you don't mind . . ." He paused, swallowing, "I'd like to go with you, Kay."

He appeared suddenly deflated. "What does he – how does he feel about Mr Crouch selling his stock?"

"I really don't know," Kay said, more puzzled than ever. "I don't think he knows what it's going to mean."

"I know what it's going to mean if we let Harrison Horter take over," Whittaker said grimly. "I've checked out three of the other companies he's gobbled up. It's the same story everywhere. The minute he moves in, everyone's out – at least everyone who's in a staff job. That's the way he operates – centralised purchasing, centralised accounting, centralised sales . . ."

She tried to maintain her poise, remembering Dr Kharr telling her how important it was that Judd go back to his job at Crouch Carpet. But if there was no Crouch Carpet Company, no job . . .

"None of Horter's other companies have their own advertising or promotion departments," Frank said. "It's all handled out of New York."

Weakly she said, "But what can you do?"

He regarded her anxiously. "Our lawyer says that we can block a merger with General Carpet, if we line up enough stockholders. All I had in mind – if he would only look over this letter I'm planning to send out – Judd has such a wonderful feel for the way stockholders are going to react."

MARY WAS PUSHING a wheelchair into the room.

"What's that for?" Judd demanded.

"You," she said. "To take you to the door."

"But why? I've been walking up and down the corridor for days."

"It's some kind of regulation," she said solemnly. "Most hospitals have it. I guess they don't want you to start home all tired out."

He got into the car without help, and smiled at Kay. "OK, driver – let's go!"

Kay had decided against talking to Judd on the way home about what was happening at the Crouch Carpet Company. But Judd was curious. He twisted in his seat to look back at his car, following them, with Frank Whittaker at the wheel. "What's all this about a letter?" he asked.

"Frank thinks that if he can line up enough stockholders to back him up," she said, "they can stop the merger."

"Who's this merger supposed to be with?" he asked.

"Well, this man who's bought Mr Crouch's stock, Harrison Horter – owns General Carpet. Or at least he controls it.

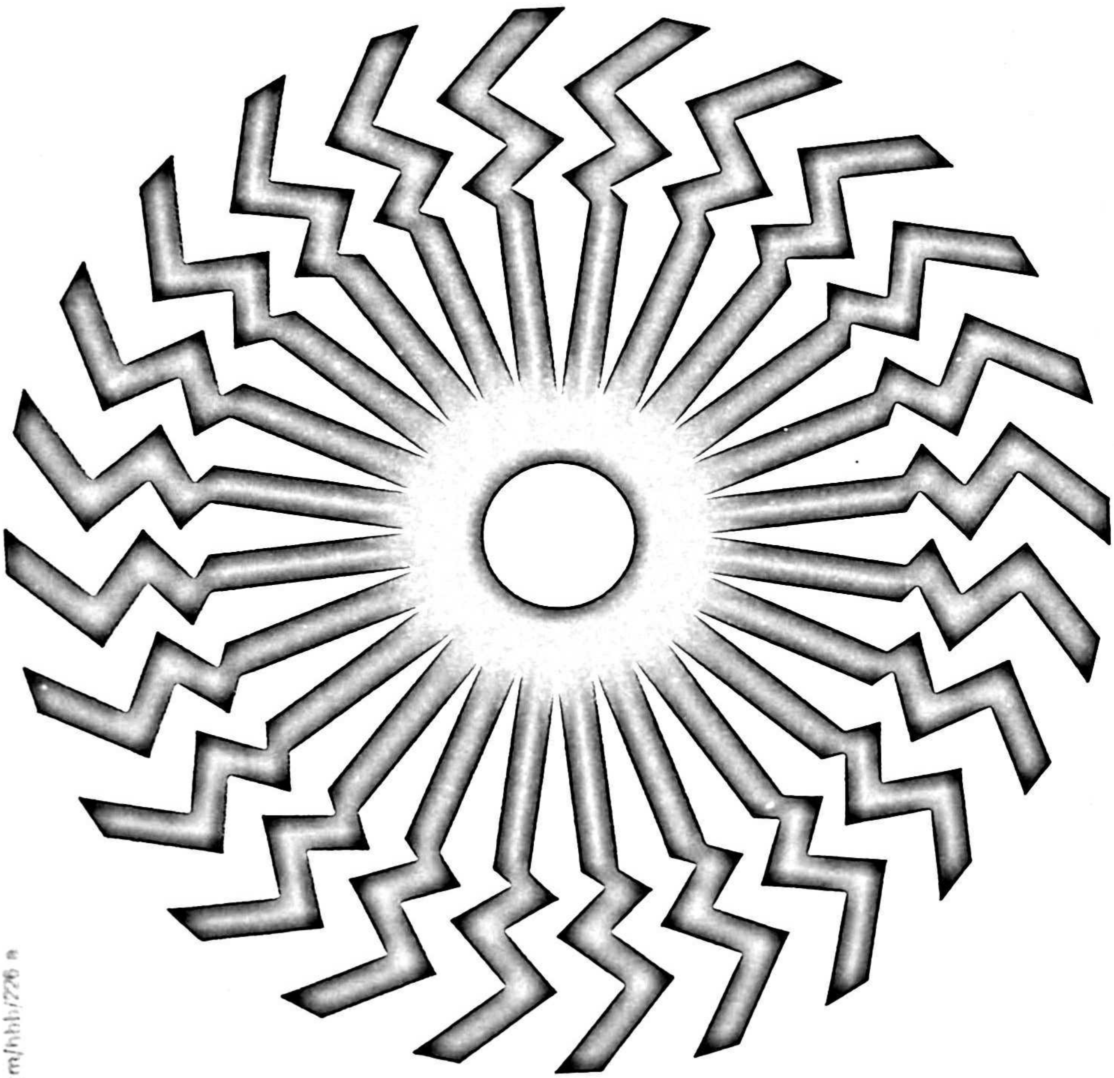
"What he was planning to do – Frank says – was to build up enough of a front so that he could float a big stock issue and unload General Carpet on the public. If he can merge with Crouch Carpet he'll have a consolidated statement that will look good enough so that he can get out from under."

SHE SWUNG PAST a car full of old ladies. With a clear road ahead, she turned to Judd, disconcerted to see him smiling.

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"Has Frank talked to Mr Crouch?" Judd asked.

"No one has seen him all week," she replied. "They pulled out Sunday afternoon, he and Emily, and went down to Sea Island."

"Then how does Frank know what's going to happen?" Judd asked. "I can't imagine Horter telling anyone what his plans are. And I know Mr Crouch too well to believe that he'd sell his stock without making certain that the company wasn't going to be wrecked. Did Frank say anything about Roger Stark?"

She hesitated, afraid to tell Judd something that would bring a flare-up. "He thinks Roger had something to do with talking Mr Crouch into selling his stock."

"I thought so," Judd said with a chuckle. "Frank's worrying about what will happen when Stark goes in as president."

"But you aren't worried?"

"It won't be that much of a change," Judd said easily. "Roger started taking over the day he came in. This last year or so Mr Crouch hasn't been running the company. Roger has."

"But you've never ——"

"Yes, I've been able to keep him out of my bailiwick," he said with a note of satisfaction. "I've never liked Roger either – but somebody has to be president. Now what about this letter?"

"Frank thought he could write the stockholders and generate enough opposition so that the government would have to start an anti-trust action."

"Look," Judd cut her off, half-facing her now, "Horter bought his stock and paid cash for it. About six million, probably. Do you think he'd put that kind of money on the line if there was any danger of being clipped by an old duffer like Frank Whittaker?"

"But I thought you always liked Frank," she said, groping for direction.

"Oh, Frank's all right," Judd said. "But get rid of him today."

KAY REACHED OUT to open the front door, and Judd Wilder stepped forward, a steadying hand on the doorframe. Getting rid of Frank Whittaker was easy enough – all it had taken had been a show of weariness, a little nod when Frank had said that he would be seeing him in a day or two. Judd stepped inside.

"You can rest now," Kay said. "Everything's ready for you." She went to the library door, a reminder that this was to be his bedroom.

He hesitated, remembering the room as he had last seen it, half-furnished, never used.

"I hope it will be all right," Kay said as they approached the door.

Astonished, he stared into the room, at the bed – he had never before seen it opened and made up – the pair of lamps that flanked it, a taller lamp standing over a chair from the living room, a fan of magazines, draperies at the windows, pictures on the walls . . . *How could Kay have* . . . Everywhere he looked, he saw something else – his old drawing board, his binoculars on the windowsill . . . the once-empty bookshelves looking so full . . .

I HOPE it's all right," Kay said. "There wasn't much time ——"

"It's wonderful," he said. He lifted his hands, and she took it as invitation. In the next instant she was clinging to him. He murmured a wordless question, but got only a muffled moan in response. At the touch of his fingertips on her cheek her face came up, offering her lips. His kiss began as no more than an automatic response, but in the next instant it was enveloping him with warmth that sent a tremor through his whole body.

Kay broke away with an anguished, "I'm sorry, dear, I don't know what's happened to me. I'm just – just tired, that's all. I shouldn't have – I've been trying so hard to do what ——"

There was the choking sound of tears in her voice, she was twisting her head away, evading his reaching hands with a move towards the door, a muffled, "I'll bring your bag in."

He stood looking after her, anticipating her return as he had never anticipated any moment since that honeymoon night at Buck Hill Falls. But when she brought his bag it was as if nothing had happened.

"You'd better get some rest now," she said commandingly.

PUTTING JUDD in the library had been a mistake. He had made the room a new cave, like his hospital room, and he had crawled into it with all too obvious contentment. On Monday, seeing what was happening, Kay stopped bringing his meals to him, forcing him to come out at least long enough to eat. But there was no way to keep him from returning the minute he finished.

Frank Whittaker called on Wednesday afternoon, bringing the draft of his letter to stockholders. He had learned from some source, pointedly unrevealed, that Mr Crouch had sold his stock at more than eight dollars a share above market price, thus receiving a bonanza that the other stockholders did not share. Judd finally took the letter-draft that Frank kept offering him, but gave it only a casual reading, asking if Frank had any new knowledge of a merger plan. When Frank admitted that there had been no announcement, Judd handed back the letter, commenting that Frank might be putting himself in a dangerous position by attributing motives to Harrison Horter without supporting evidence.

On Saturday, Roger Stark called at the house, unannounced. But something was strangely wrong when he appeared in the library doorway. Like an actor who had lost his sense of timing, he stood transfixed, unable to improvise an entrance.

"Come in," Judd said, suddenly feeling a director's sense of control.

Stark entered quickly. Kay started to move a chair for him, but he put her off with a nervours, "No, no, please don't bother, I'm not staying – I only stopped by . . ." He accepted a chair after all.

When the small talk was exhausted, Judd said, "I suppose I should be congratulating you. You'll be taking over now, won't you?"

"There's been no change in company officers," Stark said stiffly.

"But you will go in as president?"

Stark looked at the carpet. "I may, I may not – I don't know." His eyes came up slowly. "Are you assuming that I'm involved in Horter's takeover of the company?"

"There've been some rumours."

"I'm sure of that," Stark said grimly. "Would you be interested in hearing the truth?"

Silent, Judd spread his hands, a neutral gesture.

"Until Harrison Horter walked into my office yesterday, I had never met the man. I knew, of course, that Mr Crouch was selling his stock – I had advised him to do so – but I had no idea that it would wind up in Horter's hands. In any event, I knew nothing about what was happening until the deal was set. By then it was too late. Horter had the stock."

"But that didn't give him control, did it?"

"No, not in itself," Stark said, more poised now. "But he picked up another substantial block here last night, something over ten thousand shares."

JUDD BARELY CONTAINED a gasp of shock. There was only one block of Crouch Carpet stock of that size in New Ulster. "Whittaker's?"

"Yes, I was surprised, too," Stark said. "When Horter told me last evening that he was going over to see Ella Whittaker I had no idea that he'd be able to jar it loose." A wan smile broke. "He walked in with a certified check for a half million dollars, and she took it."

Judd glanced away, his eyes catching Kay's.

"If Horter doesn't have a majority position now," Stark said, "he soon will. There'll be an advertisement in the evening paper – he's making a tender for 100,000 shares at the same price he paid Mr Crouch and Ella Whittaker."

Judd said with a smile, "Maybe I ought to sell him mine."

"No, I don't think I'd do that," Stark said. "At least I'm not selling mine. But there is something else that you may want to think about."

"What's that?"

"You talked to Mr Crouch, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And he told you about the deal he'd made with Horter – the contract that you were to be given?"

Judd started to ask, "Contract for what?" but played it safe with an ambiguous, "What about it?"

"It seems there's some misunderstanding about what Horter agreed to do. When his lawyers sent Mr Crouch a copy of the contract that Horter proposed to offer you, Mr Crouch refused to approve it – and on that basis he's holding up submitting his resignation from the board and the presidency. Horter is upset, of course. I tried to tell him that you were in no shape to ——"

"I'm all right," Judd put in. "What's the argument?"

Stark took a scrap of notepaper from his pocket. "I talked to Mr Crouch long distance just before I left the office." He checked his notes. "There's no disagreement on terms – not less than two years at not less than your present rate of compensation – so it all comes down to a question of who the contracting corporation is to be. It's Mr Crouch's contention that Horter agreed that your contract was to be with the Crouch Carpet Company. Horter maintains that

his agreement was simply to guarantee your employment for two years – that's why he had the contract drawn with Horter Enterprises. Mr Crouch says that it's only a manoeuvre to get you away from Crouch Carpet and into one of Horter's other companies."

Stark crumpled the notepaper. "So that's where things stand."

Judd looked away, conscious of how far Mr Crouch had gone to protect him. "All right, what do you want me to do?"

"I know it's unfair to ask you to make a decision now ——"

"What is there for me to decide?" Judd asked, still a little groggy. "I can't see that it's up to me."

"Mr Crouch says now that if you're satisfied with Horter's contract, it will be all right with him. All he's interested in is seeing that you're taken care of."

"Well, I appreciate —— Why do I need a contract? Would I be dumped without one?"

Stark's hooded eyes flashed open, an expression of alarmed concern. "No, no! The whole point – Mr Crouch felt that having a contract would give you some extra assurance."

THERE WAS A PRICKLE of alarm, inciting the goad of unreasoned anger. "I don't want to be kept on just because I've got a contract. If I can't cut it on my own – forget it."

Stark said quietly, "You're wrong, Judd. Horter is doing this because he's a great admirer of yours. He offered you a job once – he still wants you."

"That's a long time ago," Judd said uncomfortably. "What's he going to do with the company? Merge it with General Carpet?"

Stark shook his head. "Hard to say. I do know that he's bought three small furniture factories and a drapery mill in the last few months. There was a story in *The Wall Street Journal* a few days ago suggesting that he might be putting together a home furnishings combine."

Judd had let him go on, certain that he was fishing for a reaction, strongly suspecting that he was trying to manoeuvre him into leaving Crouch Carpet. "You think I ought to sign up with him, is that it?"

"Well, that's up to you, of course," Stark said warily. "I have no idea how you feel about coming back to Crouch Carpet." He broke off with a twisted smile. "I'm really in an awkward position here. If I were sure that I was staying on – as president – it would be different, but as things stand now ——" He spread his hands, waiting. "Having your salary guaranteed for two years wouldn't be a bad anchor to windward."

"Maybe not," Judd said, avoiding Kay's eyes.

"But it all depends on what you want," he heard Stark say, and he heard a different voice . . . *"If I were to give you a piece of paper and a pencil, would you be able to put down right now. . ."*

"I don't know yet," Judd said sharply. "All I know is that I don't want to be tied down – not yet, anyway."

Stark's face turned pale. "You don't want a contract?"

"No."

"May I report that to Mr Crouch?"

Judd shrugged.

Colour came back to Stark's face. "If you're satisfied – there's no point in his holding out for something that you don't want."

KAY WENT OUT with Stark, escorting him to the door. Alone, Judd lay down on the bed, responding to a suddenly discovered fatigue. Kay came up to the bed, seating herself on its edge. "I hope it didn't bother you – my sitting in?"

"It didn't bother me any, I said everything I had to say."

Kay moved closer to him, reaching out, bridging his body with her arm, her wrist pressing tightly against his hips. "I'm sorry about all this, Judd, I know how much the company meant to you, how disappointed you are. I never realised before ——" Abruptly, she leaned forward to kiss him, a startlingly impetuous show of affection. But at the last instant her lips avoided his mouth and brushed his cheek. "But it'll all work out. I know it will."

"You want me to go back to Crouch Carpet, don't you?"

"Not unless you really want to," she said firmly. "Don't you think you ought to get some rest now?"

His hand lifted, a reflex reponse to a fear of loss, brushing the soft roundness of her breast as he grasped her forearm, pulling her down to him. This time their lips met, the quick, hard thrust and the soft yielding, clinging for an instant that provoked a surge of desire, a first wave that broke into nothingness as Kay quickly

lifted her head. But she was still leaning over him, her eyes wide and liquid, her whole expression a tremulous balance of fear against innate desire, sustained for an instant, then broken off with an abrupt, "I'll get the mail."

LATER IN THE AFTERNOON she found him sitting at the window, the floor around him littered with newspapers.

"I thought you were going to take a nap," she said.

"Listen to this," he said, reaching for a *Wall Street Journal.* " 'Speculators who have been crystal-balling the shape of things to come in the Harrison Horter empire,' " he read, " 'had one of their rumours confirmed over the weekend by an announcement that Horter interests have acquired control of the Casa Corporation. Casa owns a chain of high-quality furniture stores, and through a subsidiary operates leased departments in a number of Eastern stores. The announcement stated that 120 units would be in operation by the end of the current year.' "

"Isn't that what Roger was telling us?"

"This is the interesting part," he said, flat-voiced, reading on. " 'The crystalball gazers were proved less clairvoyant, however, in their prediction that Horter would make the General Carpet Corporation the key manufacturing unit in a new vertical home-furnishings combine, a rumour to that effect having touched off the recent flurry of activity in General Carpet stock. In a surprise development, a company spokesman revealed that Horter Enterprises has largely divested itself of its holdings in General Carpet, trading its position in that corporation for a controlling interest in the Crouch Carpet Company of New Ulster, Pennsylvania.' "

"Then he wasn't planning a merger."

"I said that all along," Judd said, turning the paper to the window to catch the last of the fast-fading daylight. "Here's the payoff. 'The switch from General Carpet, which has concentrated on the low-end market, to Crouch Carpet, the industry's most successful producer of top-quality carpeting, appears to be consistent with Horter's other acquisitions. The three furniture companies that he has taken over recently are all makers of fine furniture, and Annex Mills, acquired last week, makes only top-end drapery fabric. In the light of the Casa take-over, it now becomes clear that Horter is mounting a strong counter-move against an industry trend that has, over the past twenty years, shifted much of the high-quality home furnishings business from retail furniture stores to decorators. Horter is plainly betting on the newly affluent middle class which, as experience in other merchandising areas is beginning to prove, now offers a market of mass proportions.' " He tossed the sheet to the floor.

"Will it work?" Kay asked.

"Oh, the market's there," he said, leaning back. "But whether you can do it with a chain-store operation ——" He yawned.

"Why don't you get some rest, dear?"

"I'm not tired."

"You must be," she said, sitting on the arm of his chair.

HE LOOKED UP, a darting glance, the suggestion of a smile. "When are you going to stop worrying about me?" He turned away, looking out of the window. "It's all over, Kay. I'm out of the woods now. How right Dr Kharr was! It's true, I had been going around in circles these last two or three years, spinning up a hurricane – he's right about that, too – caught in a hurricane and not knowing how to get out of it."

"Of course," she agreed, a barely audible whisper.

"I've done a lot of thinking these last weeks, trying to figure out what it's all about. I've never done that before. Things look a lot different when you get far enough away so that you can take a look at yourself – see what you've done, what you haven't done – how much of your life you've spent chasing rainbows. I never stopped to think whether a job was worth doing – it was the doing that was the important thing. Take the convention ——"

"I know," she murmured, fighting a tremor in her voice. "But this last month has done a lot for me, too."

HE TURNED his face towards her, an irresistible invitation, and her lips met his, clinging for a moment, then abruptly parted by a sudden awareness of how dangerous this was. Impelled by fear, she broke away, quickly standing. He looked puzzled and hurt.

"Everything is going to be different from now on, darling," she said brightly, an unsuccessful attempt to wipe the frown from his face.

"Maybe too different," he said, almost a question.

"I'm not worried," she said earnestly. "It'll all work out. You're well again, that's all that matters. There's something – Judd, I never realised before how much you and Rolfe look alike."

He seemed pleased, but shook his head. "His feet are a lot more solidly planted than mine ever were. He knows where he's going."

"That's not the difference," she said. "He fell in love with a smarter girl."

His head came around slowly. "Do you know what I think?" He looked at her for a long time. "Those kids don't know what love is all about. You can't, not at that age. Love isn't something that – do you know what they say in India?"

WHATEVER IT WAS that had been said in India was never repeated, lost in a flash of fear ignited by the flesh-to-flesh touch of his hand on her breast, consumed in flaring terror as she felt herself in the crush of his arms, borne down by the weight of his body, her mind blanked to everything except the horror of consequence. And yet, as if every nerve-end in her body had been super-sensitised by the very fear that impelled resistance, she felt a warming surge go through her, an almost virginal response to the fire-and-ice blending of awful apprehension with irresistible desire. What little rationality remained was given up to a sensing of youth recaptured, of uniqueness. This was something truly new, not a frantic struggle to achieve the sky-rocket burst of passion driven to an exploding climax, but a consuming quest for a oneness that denied self, a unity that became a goal beyond goals. This would be love. And it was.

Slowly, a delayed dawn in the warmth of tropical night, the light of fear came back. "Are you all right, dear?"

"You should know," he said, his earthy chuckle a restoration of reality, a denial of illusion, a promise of persistence.

"You're wonderful," she whispered, clinging to him, slipping back into the timeless night.

And then she was awake again, abruptly conscious of aloneness. But there was a light somewhere, and her eyes searched it out. Judd was in the chair by the window, sitting under the floor lamp, a piece of paper on his knee, a pencil in his hand. She watched him for a moment, and then quietly asked, "What are you doing, dear?"

"Nothing much," he said abstractedly, drawing a line, adding a column of figures. "Just figuring out what you could do with a hundred and twenty stores, that's all." THE END

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